k Burton (R.)

A POSTE VVITH A PACKET OF MAD LETTERS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFULL,

MAXIMILIAN DALLISON of HAVVLIN in the County of KENT, Eſquire:

NICHOLAS BRETON wiſheth the happineſſe of this World, and Heaven hereafter.

I Find in *Latine*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*, Bookes of Epiſtles, dedicated to men of good account, as well for their places, as ſpirit: but withall I muſt confeſſe the *Authors* of thoſe writings, to have been men of thoſe Judgments, that have ſet downe matter worthy regard: now, for my ſelfe, though I cannot ſtand in the ranke of thoſe rare wits, yet noting in your Judgement, that true Nobleneſſe of Spirit, that

by the regard of your good favour. may grace the workes of an unworthy hope, and preſuming (upon my knowledge of your diſcretion) to receive pardon of my preſumption, hoping that you ſhall finde nothing diſpleaſing to an honeſt minde, ſome things profitable to a young wit, and wiſhing all, worthy the favourable acceptation of your good patience, in all due thankfulneſſe for your undeſerved goodneſſe, I humbly take my leave.

Yours in affectionate ſervice,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

To The Reader.

Entle if you be, be you ſo, gentle Reader; you ſhall underſtand, that I know not when, there came a Poſte, I know not whence, was going I know not whither, and carried I know not what: But in his way, I know not how, it was his hap with lack of heed, to let fall a Packet of idle papers, the ſuperſcription whereof being onely to him that finds it, being my fortune to light on it, ſeeing no greater ſtyle in the direction, fell to opening of the incloſure, in which I found divers Letters written, to whom, or from whom I could not learne. Now for the Contents of the circumſtances, when you have read them, judge of them; and as you like them, regard them: And for my ſelfe, hearing you liked well of this firſt Part, I have adventured a ſecond, which here I preſent you with, both in one: But fearing to be too tedious in this Letter, leſt you like the worſe of thoſe that follow, I reſt as I have reaſon,

Yours, *N. B.*

The

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A POSTE VVITH A PACKET OF MAD LETTERS.

Frances Wolfreston her book

A Complementall Letter.

Deare friend,

THE elegant composure of your lines make me to esteem you a deep Scholar, & the remonstrance of your love towards me, makes me glory in so erquisite a friend: with what an ertalle of comfort shall I be ravished by your company, who surfet thus with joy at the paper, which bears the Characters of your name & hand-writing: which writing truly is most delectable, but not satisfactory, for I cannot derive a fulnesse of content to my selfe, though I were made possessor of both the Indies, or had the affluence of all outward commodities, if I ever be depryved of your society, which I account as the greatest moity of al terrene happines, who am resolved stil to continue my sorrow for your continued absence, & request you to hasten the hower wherein I may congratulate your safety, and to abridg my time of mourning with a speedy and most welcome return unto

Your devoted friend, A. B.

From a Sonne to his Father.

WHereas it is the part of every child, being by duty & nature chiefly bound, daily to solicite God with importunate prayers for his Parents prosperity: I therfore good Father being a son more bound then any through the fluent bounty of a Fathers love, doe now in al reverence obediently remember my zeal & duty with my fervent prayers for the continuance of al true felicity towards you, whose love hath bin the flood to fil the banks again, when my irregular expences were the ebbtides to make my money run low: but as I am insufficient to make a plenary retribution, or to cancel the obligatio of your so many kindnesses & benefits, so will I never forget to shew my gratefull re-

membrance: but being ashamed to return nothing but bare words in retribution, I have at this present sent you a Gelding, whose worth I leave to your triall & experience, & desire you to accept him as the rentall tribute of Your obedient Son, I.M.

A Letter of Love to his Mistresse.

Loveliest Mistresse

THat powerfull Deity which hath enkindled the hearts of mightiest Monarchs with the beautifull lineaments of rosie cheekt Ladies, at this time hath manifested his soveraignty over me, who being taken in the snare of love, & fettered in the bonds of affection am in the same predicament of passion: the countlesse griefs, which day & night I have long endured for your sake (able to melt a heart harder then a diamond) may be as perswading Orators to move your pitifull nature to favour: & my languishing estate doth implore (if you hold my life in any regard) that you would vouchsafe by your kindnesse to comfort my soul, which is prepared to forsake this wretched body upon dental: but fearing lest I have too much slackt the rein to my pen, and bin too liberal in writing, awaiting in your answer for the sentence of life or death, wishing you a perpetuity of joy, I rest,

Yours most affectionately, A.B.

A Letter admonitory to a Gentlewoman living in London.

IT is observable that when a man hath a glasse of a brittle substance, and for the worth of great price and value, he is very chary & heedfull thereof, because if by a fall it should be broken, it is impossible to have it repaired: I make the application unto your self (Cousin Dorothy) your Maydenhead being a jewell of high estimate, may be compared to that brittle ware, w^h^ unlesse your care be the greater for the preservation, may get a crack that no Art of man can make whole again, and a blow, that no herbe is of sufficient efficacy to cure: Let not my needful advice be in ill part accepted the trespas being so unredeemable, and the losse so irrecoverable. Your Sex (Cousin) is of it self prone and propense unto pleasure, and London is a place fuller of provocatives to sin, your beauty shall there powerly meet with forcible temptations, though haply in the harmles country the fortresse of your chastity found no assilants. But I hope your genuine & innate vertue will protect you from so foul an ignominy, & give me cause to rest always Your loving Cousin, G. D.

A Letter to his Mistresse desiring mariage.

COurteous Mistresse Amee, the only joy of my heart, I thought it fitting to declare my mind in writing to you: long time I have rested your true & constant love, hoping to find the like true affection from you: I write not in any dissembling sort, my tongue doth declare my heart assuring you that I do not regard any portion, but your hearty love to remain firm to me. I would be glad to know when you would appoint the day of our mariage, if it stād so to your liking: dear Amee take some pity on him that loveth you so wel, you know that I have bin proffered good mens daughters in mariage, but I could never fancy any so well as your self, I desire to know the fulnes of your affection, whether it doth equal mine or no, and upon the receit of your answer, you shall see me shortly after: though I receive you in your smock, I have sufficient means to provide for you and me both, I have sent you a ring in token of love, which I pray you accept of. I omit all eloquence, not doubting, but you will consider my fervent zeal which cannot be expressed with words: thus requesting your answer I commit you to God, resting

Your assured loving friend till death, H. K.

A merry Letter of news of Complaints.

HOnest George my old School-fellow and kind friend, glad to heare of thy home quiet, how ever I fare with my far travell, whereas thou writest unto me for such news as this place yeeldeth, let me tell thee that there are so many, and so few of them true, that I dare almost write none: only this upon my knowledge I dare deliver thee for truth, that of late in the City there are a number of complaints every houre in the day: The Souldier complains either of peace or penurie, the Lawyer either of lack of Clients, or cold fees, the Merchant of smal traffick or ill fortune, the Tradesman of lack of Chapmen, the labourers of lacke of worke, the poore man of lacke of charity, and the rich of lack of money, the thief of the lack of booties, & the Hang-man that his trees are bare. And for your feminine gender, many old women cry out of young unthrifts, and many young wenches complain of old misers: Howsoever matters goe, I cannot help them, but as I hear of their complaints, I have written thee the contents, which being scarce worth the reading, I leave to thy worst using. And so sorry that I have no matter of worth wherwith better

to fit thine humor, in as much kindneſſe as I can, I commend my love to thy command, and ſo I reſt,

Thine ever as mine own, W. P.

To a vertuous Gentlewoman.

I Will not deny but your fair eyes are able to dart love into any beholder, but the vertues of your mind have won me to be enamored on your perſon. They that aim at the form, tie their loves but to an apprentiſhip of beauty, which broken with ſickneſſe or years, they grow either cold in their affection, or fal to a loathing of their once beloved object, but I (confiding in your wiſdom, & ſupporting my hopes upon the pillar of your ſapience) put it to your election, either to grace me with your favour, whoſe love ſhall be as durable as the immortal eſſence of your ſoul, from whence flow your never enough commended vertues, or to caſt it on ſome ſuperficiall and temporary Lover, whoſe affection will fade with the decay of your ſoon vaniſhing beauty. But I will here ſet a period to my lines, & give way to your diſcreet conſideration to contemplate & diſcuſſe of the moſt affectionate ſute of

Your ever vowed ſervant, R. I.

A Letter of comfortable advice to a friend, who ſorrowed for the death of his Love.

HOneſt Alexander, I hear thou art of late faln into an extream melancholy, by reaſon of the ſudden departure of Suſanna out of this life: for thy ſake I am ſorry ſhe hath left her paſſage on this earth, though being too good for this world, ſhe is ſure gone to a better: now if thy mourning could recover her from death, I would willingly bear part of thy paſſion: but when it doth her no good, and thy ſelf much hurt, let not a wilfull humor lead thee into a woefull conſumption. Thou knoweſt ſhe is ſenſleſſe in the grave, and wilt thou therefore be witleſſe in the world? Say love is extream, and let me beleeve it: wilt thou therfore deprive nature of reaſon? God forbid: well, thou knoweſt I love thee, and in my love let me adviſe thee, not to goe from thy ſelf with an imagination of what was, to loſe that which is: becauſe ſhe is in Heaven, wilt thou be in Hell? or if ſhe be half an Angel, wilt thou be more then half a Devil? Oh, ſpend thy ſpirit to a better purpoſe: let not the remembrance of her perfection drive thee into imperfections: nor make love hateful to others by

ſeeing

seeing the unhappinesse caused in thy self. Oh let not fancy shew folly in thee, howsoever vertue observed honour in her: Leave thy solitary dwelling and come live with me, we will devise some good means for the remove of this melancholy. In the means time, make not too much of it, lest it chance to prove a madnesse: Love thy selfe, and beleeve thy friend, and what is in mee to doe thee good, command as thine own: glad I would bee to see thee, as he who doth intirely love thee, and so desirous to hear from thee, to the Almighty I leave thee, Farewell.

Thine as his own, P. D.

His Answer.

KInd Franke, I have received thy friendly Letter, and note thy carefull love: but pardon me, if I doe not answer to thy liking. Alas, how can he truly judge of love, that never kindly was in love? or know how soundly to help a sorrow, that never inwardly felt it? Reading makes a Scholar by rule, and observation I know doth much in the perfection of Art, but experience is the mother of knowledg. My Mistresses beauty was no Moon-shine, whose vertue gave light to the hearts-eye, nor her wisdome, an ordinary wit, which put reason to his perfect understanding: and for her graces, they are not written among the vertuous? Thou saidst well, she was too heavenly a Creature to make her habitation on this earth: and is it not then a kind of hell to be without her in this world? Imaginations are no dreams, where substances are the objects of the senses, while the eye of memory is never weary of seeing. Oh honest Franke thinke thou hast not lived that hast not loved, nor canst live in this world to have such a Love die in it: It is a dul spirit that is fed with oblivion, & a dead sense that hath no feeling of Love: think therefore, what was, is with me, and my selfe as nothing, without the injoying of that something, which was to me all in all. Is not the presence of an Angell able to ravish the sight of a man? And is not the light of Beauty the life of love? Leave thou to burthen me with imperfection in my sorrow for her want, whose presence was my Paradise, and whose absence is my worlds Hell: thou doest misconstrue my good, in languishing for her lack, and knowest not my heart, in thinking of any other comforts: No, Franke let it suffice, though I love thee, I cannot forget her: and though I live with thee, yet will I die for her: have

patience then with passion, till time better temper my affection: in which, most devoted to thee of any man living, til I see thee, (which shall be as shortly as I well can) I rest,

Thine as thou knowest, D. E.

A letter of advice to a young Courtier.

My noble kinsman, I heare of late your are growne a great Courtier, I wish you much grace, and the continuing of your best comfort: but for that your yeares have not had time to see much and your kindnesse may hap to be abused, let me intreat you a little now and then to looke to that which I counsell you: keep your purse warily, and your credit charily, your reputation valiantly, and your honor carefully: for your friends, as you find them use them: for your love, let it be secret in the bestowing, and discreet in the placing: for, if fancy be wanton, wit will be a foole: scorne not Ladies, for they are worthy to be loved: but make not love to many, lest thou be loved of none: if thou hast a favour, be not proud of thy fortune, but think it discretion to conceale a contentment: go neat, but not gay, lest it argue a lightnesse, and take heed of lavish expence, lest it begger thy state: play little and lose not much, use exercise, but make no toile of a pleasure: Read much, but dull not thy braine, and conferre, but with the wise, so shalt thou get understanding. Pride is a kinde of coynesse: which is a little too womanish: and common familiarity is too neere the Clowne for a Courtier. But carry thy selfe even that thou fal on neither side: so will the wise commend thee, and the better sort affect thee. But let me not be tedious, lest it may perhaps offend thee: and therefore as I live, let it suffice I love thee. And so wishing thee as much good as thou canst desire to be wished, in prayer for thy health, and hope of thy happinesse, to my utmost power I rest in affectionate good will.

Thine ever assured, H.K.

His Answer.

Sweet Cousin, I thinke you have either some Court in the Countrie or else you have studied the Courtier, that you can set downe such rules as are no lesse worthy the reading, then observing: beleeve me they shall be my best leasures studies, and in my daily courses my counselors, my solicitors in love, and my Judges in honor: my guides in

in greatest hopes, & my admonitors in greatest dangers: for your pains in them I thank you, & for your kindnesse I love you: your care of me I see by them, and will not unkindly forget them, I must confesse, I find Courtiers close people, & Ladies strange creatures, and love so idle an humor, that I am afraid to lose time in it, but the better by your advice, I hope to carry a hand over it. For apparell, I will keep my stint, & care for no fond fashion. And for exercise, nature is so given to ease: that good qualities are almost out of use: as for vertue, poor Lady she is scarce able to live with her pension: but for study, I have little time, so much company with-draweth me: & for a book next the Bible, your Letter shall be my Library. And thus smiling at such Guls, as think no grace but a gay coat, nor wit, but in a stale jest, noting many a begger like a King, and many a Lord like a poor Gentleman, seeing the truth of Solomon in his conclusion of all earthly comforts, that all under the Sun is vanity, meaning not to be a servant to a base humor, nor to reach higher then I may hold fast: in thankful kindnesse for thy carefull letter, and faithfull affection to thy worthy self, wishing thee so neer me, that I might never be from thee, I rest,

Thine what mine own, N. B.

A mournfull Letter to a Brother.

GOod brother, the misery of my uncomfortable life, the crosseness of my cruell fortune, and the unkindnesse of my unnaturall kin, have made me so weary of this world, that I long for nothing but my latest bower, & yet loath to despair of Gods mercies, willing to take any good course for my commodity, I have of late been perswaded by some of experience in their journies into those parts, that my travell into the Low-Countries, would be much to my benefit, as well for the language, as for my skill in such traffique as I would make use of in those places: but my state being so down the wind, that I know not how to set sail up in the weather, having no stock to lay out, to give me hope to bring in, I will even set up my rest upon the resolution of fortune, and thrust my self into some place of service in the wars, where I will either win the Horse, or lose the Saddle: if I die mercy is my comfort: if I live desert is my hope. But to the helping forth of this my forlorn spirit, good Brother put to your helping hand, assuring your self that I will not live to be ungratefull: for

as

as my heart loveth you, soul shall pray for you, and when I have time to see, I will be no stranger unto you. And thus agrieved to charge, never more meaning to trouble you, beseeching God to enable me to requite you, in the true love of a naturall brother, I rest.

Yours, as mine own, M.S.

His Answer.

DEare Brother, as I grieve at your crosses, so I would as willingly procure your comforts. But my state much inferiour to my will, makes me unable to satisfie your expectation: & yet would I hurt my self rather then you should perish: for you shal receive by this bearer what I may, and more, as I shall be better able. But touching your courses for the Low Countries, I feare your trafique will be but little gainfull, the wars so eat up the wealth of the Countrey; and for your intent touching Arms, I fear, your forwardnesse is too great for your experience. Yet so far doe I allow of your noble resolutions herein, as I would lesse grieve to heare of your honourable death abroad, then see your discontented life at home: and therefore for winning the Horse, or losing the Saddle, leave that to Gods blessing, who will bestow honor, as it shall please his divine providence: but, good brother, have patience with thy crosses: attend mercy for thy comfort and have a care of home, howsoever thou farest abroad: I know thy mind is great, but take heed of pride, lest it be a bar to all thy preferment, & overthrow all thy honour: I see thou art weary of the world, make then thy way towards heaven, that God, who hath tryed thee with calamities, may blesse thee with eternal comforts. In hope whereof, willing in all I can to help, praying heartily for thee, with mine unfained hearts love, unto the Lord of heaven I leave thee.

Your loving Brother, D. S.

To a Minister in behalfe of a sick friend.

Sir,

THough it hath ever been my study to furnish my selfe with constancy against the dyastrous infortunities of this life, yet I could not but be much moved out of the tendernesse of my love, with the news of our friend Master Goddards debility; And assure you, sicknesse hath not so vehemently seized on his body, but sorrow hath as violently attached my heart, for the recordation of his many favours,

so

ſo liberally though undeſervedly beſtowed upon me, makes me to participate in his grief, as if it were mine own; Since it would be rudeneſſe in me now to trouble him, I have diverted my letters unto you, and beſeech you (ſeeing in all mens opinions the time is come that he muſt put off his mortality, & paſſe through death as through a gate into everlaſting life) to put him in minde to bewaile his miſdeeds, and to begge remiſſion of his ſins with powring out of his tears, which are ſo gracious in heaven, that every ſin is waſhed away with ſuch a flood, and no weeds ſpring after ſuch a rain. But happily it is a ſuperfluous care in me to ſet a ſpur in your ſide, & to prick you on, who are forward enough of your ſelf to perform al holy offices that can be in one of your coat required: therefore if ſorrow have been a bad dictator to my pen, bear with the boldneſſe of

Your mournfull friend, E.P.

A Letter of a jealous husband to his wife.

VVIſe, in as much kindneſſe as I can, I adviſe you to leave ſuch courſes, as are neither to your credit, nor my contentment: you know, much company cauſeth many occaſions of idle ſpeeches, and young men are not in theſe days given to ſpeak the beſt of their kind friends: trifles and toyes were better refuſed then accepted, and time idlely ſpent brings but beggery or a worſe blot: of all the Birds in the field, I love not a Cuckoe in my houſe: truly I do not diſſemble with you, your light behaviour doth much diſlike me, and how glad I would be to have it reformed you ſhall know, when I ſhall ſee it: ſhall I make you fine to pleaſe another, and diſpleaſe my ſelfe? ſhall I leave you my houſe, to make an hoſpitality of ill fellowſhip? fit me not with the fool, howſoever you feed your ſelf with a foul humour: ſhake off ſuch acquaintance as gain you nothing but diſcredit, and make much of him that muſt as well winter as ſummer you: Look to your houſe, have a motherly care over your children, ſet your Servants to work, & have an eye to the main chance: leave tatling Goſſips, idle Huſwives, vain-headed Fellowes, and needleſſe charge, ſo God will bleſſe, and the world will thrive with you: your Neighbours ſpeak well, and I ſhall truly love you. And thus hoping that you will by this my ſecret admonition, have a care of your good cariage, I reſt in hope of your well doing,

Your loving Husband, T. P.

Her cunning Answer.

HUsband, with as much patience as I can, I have read over your unwise Letter, wherin jealosie keeps such a stir, that Love doth but laugh at such idleneſſe: much company drives away idle thoughts, & for Fools it is good to be afraid of Had-I-wiſt: Ill thoughts beget ill ſpeaches, & an old dog bites ſorer then a yong whelp: for beggery, let it fall upon the clothfull. I know how to work for my living: and for blots, ſpeak to Scriblers, for I have no skil in writing. Now for the Bird, to anſwer you with the Beaſt: I think a Calf in a Cloſet is as ill as a Cuckoe in a Cage: If I were ſullen, you would ſure ſuſpect my humour, & doe you miſlike my merry behaviour? Wel, your conceit may be deformed, in being ſo wrongfully informed, to have me ſo ſuddenly reformed: my fineneſſe is your countenance, & my converſation your credit: and therefore do you ſhake off your lowſie jealoſie, I will make choice of better company: your houſe wil ſtand faſt if it fal not, and your children quieter then their father: your ſervants earn their wages, & the main chance is nicked well enough: Women muſt talk when they meet, & men not be ſcorned, though not entertained: and he that keepeth a houſe muſt ſeek to defray the charges: & ſo hoping that you will leave your jealoſie, and think of ſome matter of more worth, as carefull of my cariage, as you of your credit, meaning to do as wel as I can, without your teaching, and as well as if you were at home, I reſt,

Your too much loving wife, H. P.

A Letter of kinde complements to a friend.

KIndeſt of friends, where I love much I ſpeak little, for affection hath ſmall pleaſure in ceremonies: your kindneſſe I have found, my deſert I dare not ſpeak of, leſt it more offend my ſelfe to think on, then you to look on: but ſince you have made me happy in your acquaintance, let me not too long lack your company: for though I live among many good neighbours, yet doe I much want the comfort of ſo good a friend, by whom I ſhould not only gain the uſe of time, but find the profit of my deſire: which joyning iſſue with your humors, cannot but ſo concur with your contentment, that if there be a Paradiſe on the earth, I hope to find it in the fair paſſages of our loves, wch grounded

ded on vertue, & growing in kindneſſe, cannot chooſe but be bleſſedly fruitfull. In briefe, till I ſee you, I will mourn, & if not the ſooner, I ſhall languiſh: for my wiſhing & want cannot be ſatisfied with abſence, haſten therefore your comming, & make your own welcome: for what I have or am, enter into the rol of your poſſeſſion, where, in the freehold of my love, I aſſure the ſubſtance of my life. And ſo leaving complements to tongue-ſpirits, in the truth of an honeſt heart I reſt,

Yours as you doe, and ſhall ever know, N.B.

His Anſwer.

SIr, I have received your kind Letter, and I find you very fine at your corner: you will ſpeak and ſay nothing: be eloquent in plainneſſe: but you muſt not ſpeak in the clouds to them that are acquainted with the Moon: & ſay what you will, I muſt beleeve of my ſelfe as I liſt, for indeed, I know mine own unworthines of your commendation, in which, I will rather bear with your affection, then be conceited with your opiniõ. Yet not to be either diſdainful or ungrateful, be not ſo far deceived in my diſpoſition, that wherein my preſence may pleaſure you, I will anſwer you with my abſence, nor long delay your expectation: for excuſe is but cold kindneſſe, and too much haſt is not fit: therefore as ſoon as I conveniently can, I aſſure you, you ſhall ſee me, and in full meaſure with your affection finde me, to the uttermoſt of my power, rather in action then proteſtation, during life, in fair weather or foule.

Yours as mine own, W. R.

A Letter of love to a Gentlewoman.

FAir Miſtreſſe, to court you with eloquence, were as ill as to grieve you with fõd tales: let it therefore pleaſe you rather to beleeve what I write, thẽ to note how I ſpeak: for my heart being fired in your eies hath vowed my ſervice in your beauty: in which finding reaſõs admiration, I can think but of nature in her perfection: in which, being ravished above it ſelf, craveth of your favor to be inſtructed by your kindnes: I mean no farther then in the obedience to your commandment: for if I be any thing my ſelfe, it ſhal be nothing more then yours, and leſs thẽ nothing, if not yours in al. I could cõmend you above the skies, compare you with the Sun, or ſet you among the ſtars, figure you with

the Phœnix, imagine you a goddesse, but I will leave suth weak praising fictions & think you onely your self, whose vertuous beauty, and whose honourable discretion in the care of a little kindnesse is able to command the love of the wise, & the labours of the honest, with the best of their endevours in the happinesse of your employment to seek the height of their fortune: think not therefore I flatter you in hope of favour, but honor you in the desert of worthines: in which if you would vouchsafe to entertain the service of my affection, what you shall find in my love I will leave in your kindnesse to consider. In the care of which comfort, craving pardon to my presumption, I rest humbly and wholly

Yours devoted to be commanded, E.W.

Her Answer.

SIR, I have heard Scholars say, that it is Art to conceal Art, and that under a face of simplicitie is hidden much subtiltie: of which how silly women need to be affraid, I will leave to wise men to cõsider: & though I cannot in fine or fit tearms, answer the curiositie of your writing, yet after a plain & homelie fashion. I will intreat you to accept of my writing, perfection & corruption cannot meet together in one subject, and therefore my imagined beauty, being but a shadow of deceit, beleeve not your eyes, till they have a better speculation: & for the inward parts of commendations, I am perswaded, that wit is not worth any thing that is drawn into admiration of nothing: only this not unkindly to requite your good thoughts of little worth: leaving fictions to idle fancies, let me intreat you not mistake your figures, & to honor a better substance then my unworthy self. And yet so far to assure your desert of my contentment, that wherein I may conveniently countervail the care of your kindnesse, excuse my indiscretion, if I fail of my desire: in which, wishing you more happinesse, then to be commanded by my unworthinesse, I rest as I may,

Your loving poor friend, M.W.

A Letter of scorn to a coy dame.

MIstresse Fubs, if you were but a little fair, I see you would be mighty proud: & had you but the wit of a Goose, you would surely

ly hisse at the Gander: but being with as bad qualities as can be wished as rich as a new shorn sheep, I hope fortune is not so mad, as to blesse you farther then the begger. It is not your holy day face put on after the ill-favoured fashion, can make your half nose but ugly in a true light, & but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Tailer, you might be set up for the sign of the Sea-crab. Now for your parentage to help out the hope of the rest: when the Tinkers son, & the Coblers daughter met under a hedge at the milking of a Bull, within forty weeks after, what fell out, you know. Now, not too plainly to lay ope the foul members of a filthy Carcasse, but as patiently as I can to keep Decorum in your description, let me tel you, that all this & much more being true in your disgrace, I cannot chuse but marvel that you mourn not to death in imagination to thinke that a monster in nature can have any grace in reason: but let it be as it is, I have but lost a little breath in talking to a deaf ear, for I mean to take no more travell to the subject of so ill an object: and therefore meaning to make my farewell and beginning with you both at one instant, leaving you to loath your self, as one whom no creature can be in love withall: sorry that I ever saw you, and never more intending to trouble you, in recompense of your course entertainment, I rest in all kindnesse, this present, and allways,

Yours as much as may be, T.E.

Her Answer.

MAster Wildgoose, it is not your huffie tuffie can make me afraid of your big looks: for I saw the Play of Ancient Pistoll, where a cracking Coward was wel cudgeld for his knavery, your railing is so neer the Rascal, that I am almost ashamed to bestow so good a name as the rogue on you: but for modesties sake, I will a little forbear you, & onely tell you, that a hanging look and a hollow heart, a cunning wit, and a corrupt conscience, make you so fit a mate for the Devil, that there is no Christian will desire your compeny: now for your state it is much on Fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a deadly fall, when the pain of their heads is onely healed with the haltar. And for you linage, when the Bearwards Ape, & the Hangmans Monky met together on a hay mough, what a whelp came out of such a litter, let all the world judge I say nothing. Now for your stump feet and your lame hand suting kindly with your wrie neck,

who would not make of their eies that could endure the ſight of ſuch a picture: now, your wealth being but a few words, which you have almoſt all ſpent in idle humors, hoping that the Tortoiſe will not quarrell with the Crab, and that when you have ſlept upon your Ale, you will get a medicine for your madneſſe, till the Woodcock tell you how the Dawcock hath caught you, leaving further to think on you, more then utterly to loath you. glad that your entertainment was ſo much to you diſcontentment, In ful meaſure with your malice, I reſt.

Yours as you ſee, A. W.

A Letter to a ſoule Dowdy.

MIſtreſſe Jone Juggle, I hear that you think your ſelf fair, but you are much deceived: for the Curriers oyle is but a courſe kind of painting: & for wit, how far you are from underſtanding, the wiſe can tell you. Now for qualities, where you learned them I know not, but if you could leave them it were well. I wonder not a little, what madnes hath poſſeſſed your brains, that you can make ſo much of your ſelfe: are your eies your own? or are they ſo ſcaled, they cannot ſee? get you to your prayers, & leave making of love: for age & evil favour, had need to be helped with a good purſe. I hear you ſtudy muſick: indeed when the Owle ſings, the Nightingale will hold her peace: but for ſhame, learn not to dance, for a barrel can but tumble: but would you uſe a medicine for your teeth, you might be the better to ſpeak with in the morning: what ails you to buy a Fan, except it be to hide your face? and till your hands be whole, you ſhall wear but dogs leather for your gloves: in truth you abuſe your ſelf, that you keep not your chamber, for none ſees you but laughs at you or at leaſt loaths to look on you: be therefore content to doe as I wiſh you, ſpeak with none but by Attourney, leave the Painter to better pictures, & rather grieve at nature for framing you, then think of any thing that may help you: your goods beſtow on mee for my counſell, and make ſute to death for your comfort. And thus hoping that being weary of your ſelf, you will haſten to your grave, I end,

Yours as you ſee, H. I.

Her

Her Answer.

SIr Morris Mallipart, you may think your self wise, but you do not shew it: for railing words are the worst testimonies of a good wit, For good qualities I think you know them not, nor can goe from the evil: but for madnesse, I think it forteth best with your humors: for the help whereof it were good that you were let blood in the brain. But for ill sight, who is so blind as bold Bayard, that will not see his own folly? My prayers I will not forget to God, to blesse me from such foul spirits on the earth. And for love, more then charity, I hold you the farthest off in my thought: now knowing your poverty, I wonder you will speak of a purse. As for an ill-favored face, go to Paris-garden to your good brother: indeed your Croydon sanguine is most pure complexion, but for your Tobacco, it is a good purge for your rheum. For my Fan, it keeps me sometimes frō the sight of such a vizard as your good face: and for my hands I keep my nails on my fingers, though you cannot keep the hair on your head. Now for laughing at fooles, you are provided for a coxcomb: & for loathing all ill countenances, let the hangman draw your picture. Be therefore contented to be thus answered: Speak wisely, or hold your peace, & be not busie with your betters, lest you know the nature of bad-I-will: so hoping that you will be weary of the world, & that you will hang your self for a medicine to heal your wits of a melancholly, I will bequeath you a halter upon free cost, at your pleasure, and so I rest,

Your friend for such a matter, E.P.

A Letter for the preferring of a Servant.

SIR, knowing your necessary use of a good servant, & remembring your late speech with me touching such a matter, I thought good to commend unto you in that behalfe, the bearer hereof, W. T. a man whose honest secrecy, and carefull diligence upon a reasonable triall, will soon make proofe of his sufficiency. His parentage is not base, nor his disposition vile, but in all parts exquisite as one of his place: such a one as I am perswaded will fit your turne: if therefore at my request you will entertain him, I doubt not but you will thank me for him: for I was glad I had so trustie a servant to commend unto you, and hope to hear he will much content you: and thus loath to trouble you with longer circumstances, leaving his service to your

good

good regard, my love to your like commandement, in affectionate good will, I rest

Yours ever assured, N.B.

The Answer.

SIR, I have received both your Letter & the bearer, both which I will make much of for your sake: for in the one I wil often see you, & in the other remember you: your commendation of him argueth your knowledge, a sufficient warrant for his worth, which I wil as kindly & thankfully think on: his countenance I like well, and his speech better: & for the performance of my expectation, I am the better perswaded of his discretion: whē I see you, you shal know how I like him, in the mean time, he shal find that I will love him: and for all things necessary for his present use, I find him sufficiently furnished: but if I find his want, it shal be soon supplied. So thanking you for sending him, & wishing you had come with him, remaining your kind debter, till a good occasion of requitall, with my heartie commendations, I commit you to the Almighty,

Your very loving friend, R. V.

A Letter of counsell to a friend.

MY best approved & worthiest beloved Philo, I hear by some of late come from Venice, that seem to be somewhat inward in thy acquaintance, that thou art of late fallen into an amorous humor, especially with a subject of too much unworthinesse: a newes, that knowing thy spirit I could hardly beleeve, that upō a solemn affirmation, I was sorrie to hear: for beautie without wealth is but a beggerlie charm, and honour without vertue is but a tittle for a title: Hath she a glib tongue, it is pitie she hath not a better wit: Is shee witty? it is a sorrow it is not better bestowed: for the craft of one woman is the confusion of many a man: does shee say she loves thee? beleeve her not: nay, doth she love thee? regard her not: for it is a jewell of so little worth, as will give but losse in the buying: I feared the Plague had taken hold of thy lodging, but thou art pepperd with a world of infection: thy study is infected with idlenes, thy brain with dizzinesse, and thy spirit with madnesse. O leave these follies, think love but a dream, and beauty a shadow, and folly a witch, and repentance a miserie: wake out of thy sleep, and call thy wits together,

bee

be not ſcotted with an humor, nor ſlave to thy ſelf-will: leave courting of a Curtezan, and keep thy breath for a better blaſt: ſave thy purſe for a better purpoſe, and ſpend thy time in more profit, let not the wiſe laugh at thee, and the honeſt lament thee: for my ſelf, how I grieve for thee I would I could tel thee: but let thus much ſuffice thee, believe nothing that ſhe ſaith, care for nothing that ſhe doth, nor give her any thing that thee wants: ſee her, but to purge melancholy: talke with her, but to sharpen wit: give her, but to be rid of her company, and uſe her but according to her condition: ſo ſhalt thou have a hand over thoſe humors, that would have a head over thy heart, & be maſter over thy ſervants, by the vertue of thy ſpirit: otherwiſe, Will, having gotten the bridle in his teeth, will run away with the bridle, & Reaſon being caſt off, may never ſit wel in the ſaddle: but why do I uſe theſe perſwaſions for the remove of thy paſſions? If thou be ſoundly in, thou wilt hard get out: if thou be but overſhooes, thou maiſt be ſaved from drowning, whatſoever I heare, I hope the beſt: but to avoid the worſt, I have preſumed out of my love, to ſend thee the fruit of my affection. In which, if my care may doe thee comfort, I ſhal think it a great part of my happineſſe: howſoever it be, I commit the conſideration to thy kindneſſe. And ſo till I hear from thee, which I daily long for, I reſt

Thine as mine own, N.B.

His Anſwer.

GEntle Millo, I have received thy moſt kinde and carefull Letter, a meſſenger of thy moſt honeſt love, who hath told me no leſſe then I wholly beleeve: that love in idleneſſe is the very entrance to madneſſe: but yet though I will think on thy counſell, give me leave a little, to goe along with conceit: wherefore let me tel thee my opinion. Beautie without wealth is little worth, but being a riches in it ſelfe, how can it be poorely valued? and Honour being but the ſtate of vertue, how can you pluck a tittle out of her Title? the tongue is the inſtrument of wit, and wit the approver of diſcretion: where, if reaſon be gravelled, Nature may be admired: now for words, they have their ſubſtance, and Love is not to be abuſed: for it is a Jewell well known, that is worthy of his price: infections are every where, and jealouſie a moſt cruell plague: but rid thy ſelf of that diſeaſe, and fear not my health in the other: re-

conceit is a kind of dizzinesse which worse tormented then with idlenes is troubled with too strong a madnesse: but he that is unwise, had need be reformed, and he that laughs at an imperfection, may fall himselfe upon the Foole: now for a mad dreame, or an imagined witch, conceited sleep, or an intreated waking, I must confesse they are pretty humors, and will think of their errors: now for sotting and slavery, and for courting in knavery, be perswaded that time will imploy my purse to better purpose, then grieve not for me, but onely love me, and let that suffice thee: and for thine advice in seeing, talking, and giving, feare not the bad. I wish of my folly: for he that is master of himselfe shall not need his Mistresse, & therefore he that cannot ride, let him leave the saddle: for Reason hath a power over Wit, where Will is but a servant to Nature: in the certainty of which course, intending so to lay my hands on my heart, that I will feare no hornes on my head, with many thanks for thy kind perswasions, hoping thou wilt take no exceptions at my constructions, intreating thee to beleeve of me no more then thou needest, and to love me as thou doest, in the faith of that affection that holds thee deere to my love, I rest during life.

Thine obliged and devoted, W. B.

A Letter of comfort to a Sister in sorrow.

Deare Sister, I heard lately of your husbands departure for the Indies, when with no little sorrow I considered your heavy case: in which, finding his want to be grievous, and your friends cold in comfort: I could not choose, without unkindnesse, but remember these fewlines of my love unto you: I know your state is weake, how faire soever you make your weather, but the more is your patience worthy of honour that can so nobly conceale your discontentments: for my self I would I were able to do you good: but what I have or can procure, shall not faile to doe you pleasure, but if your mind be too great to stoop to be beholding, what I am able to doe, take as a duty in my brothers love: good Sister therefore be of good cheere, & put your care upon me, I will see you often, & love you ever: for a creature of your worthinesse is seldome found in your Sex, that for her husbands love will adventure the state of her living: your children are not many, but such as are shall be mine, and you to me as my selfe: take therefore as little thought and as much comfort as you can, no doubt but god that trieth his servants will blesse them, hope the of my bro-

thers

thers happy returne, and til he come command me: shortlie, God willing you shall see me: in the mean time let me intreat you kindely to accept this little token of my greater love, which is but assurance of the beginning of my affections never ending, in which predicament of true friendship, I rest ever assured

Your loving Sister, E.W.

Her Answer.

SWeet Sister: I have received your kind letter, and loving token, for both which I am your thankfull debtor, but touching my husband, though his wants were grievous, yet to want him is my greatest sorrow, for in the stay of his love was the stay of my living: I am sorry that you know my weakenesse: and wish it but in strength to answer your kindenesse: but good Sister, though I am willing to conceale my crosses, to bee beholding to so honourable a Spirit, I count it not the least of my happinesse. Therefore though I had devoted my self to solitarinesse in his absence, your company shall be to me a light in darkenesse, and noting the nature of your kindnesse, will ever be beholding to your love: come then to me when you will, and command what you will, for I will be as good as you will: my children are my worlds joyes, & my hearts jewels, in whose face I would behold their fathers, in whose love I would spend my life: so in a merry goe sorry, grieving for his absence, and wishing your presence, praying for his happy return, your health, and mine owne patience, that in too much passion of affection, I fall not upon indiscretion, with most hearty thankfull love I commend my selfe to your commandement,

Yours affectionately bound, E.G.

A Letter of love to a fair Mistresse.

FAir Mistresse, to trouble you with a long circumstance, I might perhaps feare you with the losse of time, and to make an end ere I begin, might argue little care in my conceit: but to avoid both superstitions, let me a little intreat you with patience to peruse, in a few words, the summe of a long tale, in which the truth of Love, to the latest houre of death, protesteth the joy of his life but the fruit of your favour, of which the thought of his unworthinesse doth too much shew his unhappinesse. Time makes me too briefe, but in your wisedome is my hope of understanding, that in my triall you may trust me, and

by desert esteem me, in which, if I deceive your expectation, let me die in the miserie of your disdaine. Thus not to flatter you with a faire style in the state of your worthie commendation, beseeching to be commanded by the kind cars of your discretion, in the bands of a vowed service, I humbly rest

Yours always assured, R. O.

The Answer.

SIR, as I would be loth to be thought prond, I would as unwillingly be found idle: either to beleeve too well of my selfe or not to have a respect of others: Truth is seldome masked with smooth words, & love is not bred, but upon great contentment: your liking may be greater then my desert, and so alter upon a better consideration: but mistake not your happinesse in my favors unworthines, where the best of my commandement may be the best of your contentment. Your consideration of time may excuse my shortnesse of writing: where, in a word you may understand that indeed I intend, that truth is honourable in love, and vertue the fairest joy in affection, in which, if I doe not misconstrue your conceit I will answer the care of your kindnesse: in which, according to the due of desert, you shall find the effects of your desire. And so for this time I rest

Your poor friend, A. Q.

A Letter of counsell from a kinde Father.

DEare Son you must not from your father look for a flattering love nor take it unkindly that I give you warning of what may prejudice your good. Above all things serve God, & keep a clear conscience, passe not the limits of allegiance, nor build Castles in the aire: converse not with fooles, for you shall lose your time, take heed of knaves, for there is much to be feared in them, and beware of drunkennesse, for it is a beastly humor: I have heard you are much given to Alchimistry, it is a great charge to many, and profiteth few, imploy your time so, that you lose not by the bargain: what a grief is it to want, I pray God you never know, and therefore eschew prodigality, which quicklie makes a poore man. I have sent you an hundred crownes, wel may you use them, and when you need any more send to me for them. After the Term the Vacation will call thee into the Country, where knowing thy fathers house, thou maist make thine own welcome, till when and alwaies I

will

will pray for thee, that God will bleſſe thee, that I may have joy in thee.

Your loving Father, H.W.

A Kinde Anſwer of a loving Sonne.

My dear Father, as I will not flatter my ſelf with your love, ſo I cannot but joy in your kindneſſe, whoſe careful counſel within the compaſſe of ſo few words, I will lock up in my heart as my beſt jewell, For to ſerve God is the duty of a Chriſtian: and no longer let me live then in the care of that comfort. A clear Conſcience I find like a Sanctuary, where the ſoule may take a ſafe place of reſt. To paſſe the limits of Allegiance merits the loſſe of life. And to build caſtles in the air, they are but mad mens imaginations. Fooles cannot underſtand mee, and knaves will but trouble me. For drunkenneſſe never doubt me, for it is moſt loathſome in my nature. For your crownes I humbly thanke you, and hope to beſtow them to your liking. Touching Alchymie, I heare much, but beleeve little: but I will not waſt your land to make a new metall. The Vacation is neer and I will not be long from you: where finding you well ſhall be my beſt welcome. So praying for your long health and hearts ever happineſſe, in all humble thanks I take my leave,

Your obedient Son, R.W.

A Merchants Letter to his Factor.

As I have repoſed truſt in your care, I looke for your performance of my credit: your abilitie in managing ſuch matters as I have commited to your charge, I make no doubt of: and therefore hoping in your diſcretion to hear of my expected contentment, I will look by your next Letters to hear of the ſumme of my deſire, in the meane time let me tell you, that I ſent you four ſcore broad Cloaths, & thirtie Kerzies. with other ſuch commodities as I think fit for your uſe in thoſe parts. I pray you make your beſt market, & take heed to whom you credit: for as I hear there are men reputed of great wealth, in ſuſpition of playing bankerupts: have therefore the more care of your buſineſſe, your travels ſhall not be unconſidered. Your French wines I hear this yeare are very ſmall, & your Gaſcoign wines be very deare, prunes cheape: but you know your markets, & I hope you will have care of your money, for it is

hardly come by, as this world goes, doth much in great matters: if there be any newes of worth, acquaint mee with them, and in any wise doe not trouble me with untruths. Your Cousin tels me that you are in good regard with the Governor for certain cloaths that you latelie bestowed on him: he told me the cause, and therefore I commend your discretion: for sometimes it is better to give then to save. In summe, let this suffice you without further circumstance, you have my love and my purse, I pray have a care of them both. So till I hear from you, I rest

Your loving Master, T.P.

His Answer.

SIR, I beseech you mistrust not your trust, nor have any fear of my care: for having both your love and your purse, how can the one let me forget the other? No, sir, be you assured, howsoever Bankers play banquerout, pawnes will deceive no credit: And touching such affaires as I have in charge, doubt not of my dispatch. Your Cloaths I have received: and like them very well: your Herzies are very good, I would you had sent more of them, for they are much in request and well sold. I have by good hap, met with an hundred Tun of Gascoigne Wines upon a good market as you may know by my note: Prunes are good, and good cheap, and therefore I have sent you greater store of them: on the Fats you shall finde the Mark, with two letters of your name. By the nert Poste you shall hear what I need: in the mean time having no intelligence of worth, loath to trouble you with trifles, glad to perform that duty, that your kindnesse hath bound me to, wishing to live no longer the discharge the office of an honest care, praying for your long health and everlasting happinesse, I humbly take my leave,

Your faithfull servant, M.W.

A Letter of Challenge.

MY wrongs are so many, as may no longer bee digested, and your excuses so idle, as I will henceforth despise them, for your words are but winde, and therefore I am wearie of them: and if you be not so cold in complexion, that you dare not maintain your reputation, meet mee to morrow early in the morning, in some Fields a mile out of town, and bring with you such Armes as you doe ordinarilie carry: assign your place and houre, and fail not your appoint-

ment

ment that God the judge of right, may determine of our wrongs, and the point of the sword may put a period to our discourses. Thus having blowne over an idle paper with a few last words of my intent, answer me as I expect, or heare of me as it will fall out, in hast,

Your enemy till death, T. P.

The Answer.

WHat you have written to me. I returne upon your selfe, as loth to lose time in answer of such idlenes: if you durst go alone I would goe with you; but let it suffice you, that I know you and therefore meane not to trust you: but bring a friend with you, and I am ready for you: come to my lodging as early as you will, and though I would be loath to breake a sleep for you, yet I will take a little paine, to answer you: as for the field we will cast lots for the place, where God & a good Conscience will quickly determine the quarrell: but I feare the point of the sword will make a Comma to your cunning, which if it doe, you shall find what will follow. And so leaving farther words, wishing you to be as good as your word, I end,

Yours as you mine, T. W.

A Letter to a friend for newes.

COusin, I know, you that live abroad in the world, cannot but heare of newes every day, which we in the Country would be glad now and then to be acquainted with: your labor will not be much in writting, and for your kindnesse it shall not be unrequited: wee heare much murmuring of many things, but little truth of any thing: but from you that know, I would be glad to learne. There is a speech among some idle Astronomers, that the man in the Moon hath falen in love with a starre, and walking through the Clouds, was almost drowned in the water: and that the Tumblers of the Forest have spoiled a number of blacke Conies, so that Rabbets are growne so deare, that a poor man may be glad of a peece of Mutton. It is said here with us in these parts, that you in the City are much troubled with a new disease: truely we have reasonable good health, but that there are such plagues in divers houses, what with shrewd wives and bad Husbands, stubborn Children & wicked servants, that many a honest man cannot live in quiet with his neighbours.

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Though the Spring be not very forward, yet there is a great increase of things, especiallie of Children, which how they may answer the Law, I wil not greatly stand upon. Thus having no matter of moment, wherwith at this time to trouble you, intreating you that I may shortlie hear from you, I rest in much affection

Assuredly yours, R. Q.

His Answer.

My good Cousin, to answer your kind letter, if there were any thing there worth the writing, I would not have been so long silent. But such are the occurrents in these places as are either not worth the noting or better concealed then written: for love in youth is full of idleness, and malice in age is so malicious that Vertue is so hid in corners, that there is little or nothing spoken of her account. For the man in the Moon I leave him to wait on the Sunne: but if he have a mind to any Starre, I leave him to follow that Owle light: for his waterie Element, since it is all in clouds, let it hang in the Aire, I will not meddle with the loving Astronomie. For Conies I am no Warrener, therefore let them that have the keeping of the grounds, look to their games, I have small sport in such idleness, but for a peece of Mutton, a young Lambe is worth five old Conies, and he that is not glad of such a feast let him fast for his dinner. For our new diseases, it is with many men in the head, and women in the tongue, Servants grow great Libertines, and Children are sick of the Parents, and for Neighbours, there is so much love in the streets, that there is almost none in the houses: and therefore besides other ordinary diseases, wee want no plagues to make us to look into our sinnes: but God amend all, for one will scarce mend another. And therfore intreating you to have patience with me til the nert week, when you shall hear of the best newes that come to my hands, I rest in all bounden good will,

Yours as much as may be, T. V.

A dissuasive from mariage.

Sweet Cousin, I am sorry to heare, that being so well at ease, you will coozen your self of quiet: and for want of a worlds Hell, you will put your selfe in Purgatory with a wife: but if it may bee that I speake in time, heare what I say, if shee be faire it may breed jealousie:

louſie: if foule, diſlike and change: if rich, take heed of pride: if poore, miſery: if young, beware the wanton: if old, take heed of the Beldam: if wiſe, ſhe wil govern thee: if fooliſh, fret thee: how deare ſoever ſhe loves thee, ſhe wil ſometime or other, either croſſe thee or crowne thee: and therefore if thou wilt be ruled by a friend, let neither old nor young, faire nor foule trouble thee, beleeve me, as I have read, theſe are the properties of moſt Wives, to weaken ſtrength, to trouble wit, to empty purſes, and to breed humors. But if I be deceived in my reading, and mine author in his writing, either in altering your courſe, or proving your comfort, tell me your mind when we meet. Til when, wiſhing the continuance of that quiet wherein you now live, or the true contentment of the beſt love: leaving to your own diſcretion the managing of your affection, I commit you to the Almighty,

Thine what mine own. N.B.

His Anſwer.

GOod Couſin, I finde your kindneſſe above your knowledge, in miſtaking Paradiſe for Purgatorie: for a Wife is the wealth of the mind, and the welfare of the heart: where the beſt judgement of reaſon findes diſcretions contentment. Pay be, is a doubt: but what is, muſt be regarded: in which ſenſe I am pleaſed. Where Youth with Beauty, and Wit with Vertue hath power to command, there kindeneſſe muſt obey. Povertie I fear not, and wealth I ſeeke not, but it ſufficeth me to ſeek no other fortune for the ſumme of my worlds happineſſe: where the avoiding of evil, and the hope of good, makes me know more comfort then you are able to conceive, til you enter in that courſe, wherein the joy of love is the ſecond bleſſednеſſe of this life. What ſhall I ſay, but that I know not what to ſay to expreſſe the perfection of this pleaſure, which puts down all idle imaginations. From which, hoping to ſee thee removed when I ſee thee, till then and ever, I reſt,

Thine as thou knoweſt, D.E.

A kinde Letter of a Creditor for money.

SIR, I pray you take it not unkindly, that I write thus earneſtly unto you: for more neceſſity then will hath urged me to it, my

money is not so much as you well able to discharge it: my losses by Sea and ill Creditors by Land, make me strain courtesie with my Friends, for their help in an extremitie, yet doe I desire nothing but my due, but as I was ready to lend, I would be glad to receive with that fulnes of good will, that may continue our kindnes. I write not this as doubting your discretion, but to intreat your patience, if your purse be not in tune: for were I as I have been, and hope to be, I could rather beare too long, then ask too soon, especially of so good a friend as I have alwaies found of your selfe. Consider therefore of my case, and in your kindnesse answer me. Time is precious, and therefore left by disappointment I bee dis-furnished, and so perhaps discredited, I pray you, speed your answer: which, howsoever, shall be welcome: and therefore earnestly intreating you to help me now, that I may the better requite your kindnesse hereafter, with many thanks for your great favours, which cannot be forgotten to be deserved: I take my leave further at this time to trouble you, but will rest in what I shall be able ever to pleasure you, to make you know how much I love you,

Your loving friend, T.R.

The Debtors Answer.

SIR, your requett is so reasonable, and your kindnesse so much, that for a greater matter then you demand, if my purse were not in tune, I would straine my credit very farre for you, beare then a little with my forgetfulnesse of the Day, and think it not trouble to my patience to be put in mind of my credit: your Sea losses I am sorry for: and with your recovery by Land. Debtors that will not pay, make Creditors they cannot lend: but for my self, to make you know how much interest you have in my affection, let me tel you, that though by som unexpected expences, I am short of my hoped reckoning, yet upon the receipt of your letter, I have beene thus carefull for you, your money I have sent you, and as much more for so long time I will lend you: which you shall receive of this bearer, and in my letter the day of paiment: which if it may pleasure you so much as I wish you, I am glad I had it for you: howsoever it fall out, use it to your owne discretion, and so farre be alwaies assured of my love that my word & deed shall be all one in your comfort. And so leaving ceremonious complements, in unfained good will, I rest alwaies to my uttermost power.

Yours as mine own, D. W.

A Letter of news.

TO perform my promiſe in my laſt Letter, my kind and beſt couſin you ſhall underſtand of ſuch occurrents, as I hear goe current and for truth: I heare there are certaine old people that ſpeake much of Prophecies, where they ſet it downe for a certaine rule, that this yeare, and many to come, he that wants mony in his purſe, and a friend in the Court, may walke in the Countrey, and pick ſtrawes for his comfort: for the Law is very dangerous for begging, and Charity is ſo cold, that the poore muſt ſtarve, rather then the rich will want. Old men ſhall never be young again in this world, and beauty in a young woman will not let her know her ſelfe: honeſtie without wit will die on the Fools, & craft without credit will labour to little purpoſe. In ſumme, there will be a great Plague among the Poore, with lack of honeſtie: but it may be nature may alter her courſe in many things, and Prophecies may fall out in contrarieties. Howſoever it be, welcome that come in Gods name: and ſo hoping thou loveſt no legerdemain, nor wilt be led away with blind Prophecies, writing this onely for exerciſe of a merry humor, I reſt,

Thine what mine own, P.R.

The Anſwer.

SUch idle Prophets as you meet with, have ſuch kinde of matter as you write of: but let the world wag as it liſt, there is not a truer wag in the world then thy ſelfe: and were it not that I feare my Letter would come to light, I would anſwer you in your kind. But to be ſhort let me tell you, that Laws are good to take order with ſuch Out-laws, as after prodigalitie put themſelves upon charitie. And yet to croſſe your rule of little experience, old men may have young humours, faire Wenches put wiſe men to their wits, and honeſtie may thrive with a meane trade, when a craftie knave may loſe by his cunning broking. As for the Plague, I fear it is never from you: for if neighbours agree yet their wives may fall out: and while the poore fret, & the rich frown, there is little hope of health, where the world is ſo out of quiet. And therefore hoping that you have wit enough to beware the Knave & the Foole, and to make your choice of the beſt company, wiſhing your continuance of your good humor, with thanks for your waggiſh Letter, I reſt in our old league,

Yours as mine own, R.B.

A Letter perſwading to Mariage.

DEare Couſin I doe not a little wonder at your ſolitary life, and more at your little care to match your ſelfe in mariage with ſome Virgin worthy your love: will you leave the world without memory of your name? your inheritance to no iſſue of your own honor? and run a courſe of too little comfort? Mee thinketh that your knowledge of the diverſity of varieties ſhould ſettle your conſent upon ſome ſpeciall vertue: what if ſome women be aged? ſome are youthfull: froward? other may be kinde: and ſome wanton? there are better ſtayed: and ſome ſullen? ſome are loving: and is there none can fit your humour? God forbid: the law of Nature the law of Reaſon, the Law of God doth will it, that love breeds increaſe by a vertuous conjunction. which cannot be performed without the honour of this courſe. Baſtards will be witnes of their Parents wickedneſſe, when naturall children are the joy of their Fathers: and a true loving Wife is worth a thouſand wilde walkers: her care in the Houſe her kindneſſe at the Table, and her comfort in the Bed, are pleaſures better conceived then expreſſed: fall then aboard with ſuch a Bird, as you may hold for your Phœnix, and thinke thy mind at beſt liberty, when it is free from the bonds of folly. In fine, let me intreat thee to make thy houſe a home, thy Wife thy worlds love, and thy children thy earthes joy: which as I hope thou wilt be glad to have, I ſhall be glad to ſee. For good ſpeed whereof, in hearty prayers I reſt,

Your loving Couſin, R. W.

His Anſwer.

MY kinde Couſin, I ſee you are better read then experienced: for Bachelors Wives, and Maidens Children are pretty things to play withall: but he that knowes many dangers, will take heed of all. A Wife is an everlaſting ſubſtance, which if it be not of the better nature is a perillous thing to meddle withall: for if it catch hold of the hands, it may put the heart to ſore pain: and the Phœnix is ſuch a Figure, as if I muſt finde her in a Woman, I feare mee I muſt ſeeke a great way for her. For the lawes that you ſpeak of, I yeeld to Truth: but Love is ſo nice an humor, that he ſeldome ſettles in a place: for Baſtards I love not the breed: and better children will do well when they come: For Bed and Board and thoſe tricks, let them joy in them that have them: when I finde time I will thinke on them: in the meane time, more at quiet in my

my lodging with a friend, then perhaps I may be at home with a Wife, not forſwearing Mariage, nor posting to Purgatory inſtead of miſtaken Paradiſe, wiſhing thy prayers for my better happines then Lovers idleneſſe, and if I doe mary, to be kindly matched, I reſt,

Thine ever as mine own, D. L.

A Letter of unkindneſſe, upon a deniall of a Courteſie.

IF my deſerts had not exceeded my deſire, I would have hated the nature of my humor, which loves nothing leſſe then to be too much beholding: my requeſt was not much, and the grant but eaſie, howſoever for till faſhion the excuſe may be cunningly framed: but though I conceive unkindneſſe in this courſe, I can rather grieve then be angry, for I will miſtruſt my wit, till I ſee too much of my ſorrow, and love my friend though I be plain with his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tel you of my diſcontent, then to cover diſſimulation, and to wiſh your better regard of my affection which in denying a triſle may loſe a greater benefit: but not to goe too farre in impatience, let me thus grow to an end: Friendſhip once grounded is not eaſily removed: and therefore being aſſured of my love, beare with my diſlike, and wherein I may better pleaſure you, doubt not the ill requitall of unkindneſſe, For I can chide and not be angry, and better love you, then tell you ſo. And ſo intreating your reaſonable anſwer for my ſatisfaction, I reſt, all diſpleaſure ſet apart,

Your loving friend, N. S.

His Anſwer.

YOur humorous kinde of writing puts me to ſtudy for an anſwer, for your anger without cauſe, may move cauſe of anger: you know you might command what I am, and will you have more? Conceit may bee deceived, and ſo kindneſſe abuſed, and ſuſpition of impatience hath the leaſt part of diſcretion. Excuſes are idle among friends, and therefore words ſhall be deferred till our meeting: when ſeeing our owne faults you will not think amiſſe of your friend: Grieve not then without cauſe, nor be caried away with conceit, and as you know my nature, command my love, which is farre from the thought to make a friend beholding: bee not diſcontent with a deniall, till you have better reaſon of diſpleaſure:

but measure me with your selfe, and you shall finde small cause of difference: if there be any, let kindnesse dispute it, reason confesse it, and patience heare it: so shall friends be themselves, and you and I shall not fall out. So hoping that you will satisfie your selfe with this answer, till we meet to talke further of the matter, I conclude with your kindnesse, and rest ever,

Yours as you know, T.W.

A Letter to an unthankfull person.

I Have heard that a Prince sometime ordaining a punishment of all offences, left ingratitude to the Gods to plague, as past mans power to punish enough: The tale may wel be true, considering the vilenesse of such a nature, as I think the like liveth not in the shape of man. Couldst thou not onely forget, but abuse my kindnesse, and so make a monster of a wicked shadow? I could not have beleeved it, had not I too wel proved it. But I wish you could leave that humor, lest it make a loathsome baseneſſe, yet will I learn to know the condition of so much vilenesse and as well warne my friends from an enemy, as further abuse mine owne wit with so mistaking of a friend. In briefe therefore let mee tell you, as I know you I regard you: and as I found you I leave you, as one fit, if there lacked a Card to be put into the stocke for a wicked help. And so sorry to have lost so much time to write to you, I wish all the world that knows you to hate you.

Your enemy from the heart, D.M.

His Answer.

HOw strangely men will write whom impatience hath put out of order. A good turn is lost when it is cast in the receivers teeth, and abuse misconceived can hardly be well excused, consider better of what is done, then wrong the meaning of a good mind, and you shal find without excuse no true cause of displeasure. If the information of malice have moved choler without judgement, poore men must endure the misery of evil fortune. Against my self I will confesse nothing, but refer time to decide all doubts, when truth shall shew the differences betwixt a shadow and a better substance. So leaving ill humors to like minds, & good thoughts to better natures, hoping to find you your selfe, which will bee

farre

farre enough from that you write, in spite of the Devil, I commit you to God, and so I rest,

Your friend whether you will or no, D.R.

A Letter to laugh at after the old fashion of love to a Maid.

After my hearty commendations, trusting in God that you are in good health as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father & my Mother, my Brothers and Sisters and al my good friends, thanks be to God. The cause of my writing to you at this time, is, that Margery, I doe heare since my comming from Wakefield, when you know what talke wee had together at the signe of the blue Cuckoe, and how you did give me your hand, and sweare that you would not forsake me for all the world: and how you made me buy a Ring and a Heart, that cost me eighteen pence, which I left with you and you gave me a Napkin to wear in my Hat, I thanke you, which I will wear to my dying day. And I marvel if it be true as I heare, that you have altered your mind, and are made sure to my neighbour Hoglins younger Son. Truly Margery you doe not wel in so doing, and God will plague you for it: and I hope I shall live, and if I never have you: for there are more maids thē Malkin, and I count my selfe worth the whistling after. And therefore praying you to write mee your answer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of al how the matter stands with you, I commit you to God, From Callowgreen,

Your true love, R. P.

Her Answer.

Truely Roger, I did not look for such a Letter from your hands, I would you should know I scorn it: Have I gotten my Fathers, and Mothers ill will for you, to bee so used at your hands? I perceive, and if you be so jealous alreadie, you would bee somewhat another day. I am glad I finde you, that you can beleeve any thing of mee: but it is no matter, I care not, send me my Napkin, and you shal have your Ring and your Heart, for I can have enow if I never see you more: for there are more Batchelors then Roger, and my penny

is

is as good silver as yours, and therefore seeing you are so luckie, even put up your pipes for I will have no more to doe with you: And so unsaying all that ever hath been said betwixt us, make your choice where you list, I know where to be beloved, and so I end, from Wakefield,

M.R.

From a Father to his Son, advising against Suretiship.

My Son, I hope so wel of your disposition, that you wil not unkindly conceive of that which in love I write, for such is the nature of my affection, as I had rather be understood in carefull advising you for your good, then found winking at your ill. It is told me, which I am sorry to hear, but would be more aggrieved to beleeve, that you are very ready in writing your name under Bils and Obligations: by which as well for your own idle expences, as to pleasure others, in hurting your selfe, you begin to take up so fast, that I feare you will be so low taken down, that you will hardly ever rise again. Beleeve me Sonne, suretiship is a privy enemy to a good nature, which may sooner pay three, then receive one: and therefore among other things that I would have you to take heed of, let suretiship be one of the chiefest: what you can spare your friend, deny him not, but as you love your liberty, beware of sealing & delivering, play is but losse of time that might be better imployed, for the gain is but ungracious, & the losse is often grievous, and therefore use it little, and rather for company then pleasure. Dancing I allow of: but let not your legs fling away your wit in walking your wealth: sped by measure howsoever your musick make you dance. Be carefull of thy speech, thrifty in thy expence: wary of thy company, & jealous of thy friend: serve God, and fear not the Devil: what thou needest, let me know, and in the care of thy counsell, let me see thy love: of which having no doubt, & therefore wishing thee all good, desirous shortly to hear from thee, I rest,

Your loving Father, T.W.

The Answer.

My dear Father, farre be it from my heart to have an unkinde thought of so kinde a Father, in whose good advise resteth the most part of my worldly happinesse: what you have heard, I beseech you

you to beleeve of me: I have seen in others so great mischiefe and miserie to ensue upon suretiship, that I rather wish never to write then to subscribe my ruine. For so few pay their own debts, and so many pay for others, til they have nothing to pay for their own, that who keepes my friendship for that end, shall misse of my love in another: and therefore feare not what you hear, but beleeve what I say: touching Play, I love not to trouble my brain with idlenesse, nor lose time in the abuse of hope: for Dancing, as it is an exercise that I doe not dislike, so it is not so much my delight but I can rather leave it then love it: but for my expences, feare not so much my little care of your charge, nor lesse regard of your love, in which, under Heaven, holding my hearts chiefe happinesse: in prayer for your health, and hearts ease, I take my leave.

Your obedient Sonne, T.W.

To a friend familiar.

HAving little matter wherewith to entertain your expectation, I have been enforced to study for nothing. By this bearer I know you look to heare from mee, and to salute you with silence, were a cold commendation: Let it therefore suffice to heare of my health and the good passages of al the proceedings touching your Law causes: wherein if my love faint in labour, I will leave to be my selfe: ere it be long I shall have occasion to come neer you, when a few miles shal not be much out of my way to see you, when if your Falcons be in tune, I shal be glad to see a flight: so soon as conveniently you may, I pray you let me heare from you: and if you come to the Town, let my house be your Inne, where making your own welcome, I hope we shall be merry. And thus for want of matter, briefer then I would be, I commend my love to your kindnesse, and so I rest alwaies,

Your assured loving friend, M.P.

The Answer.

HE that hath his wits at commandment, needeth little to studie, and therefore being provided of invention, a little matter will serve the turn: if of nothing you make so much, what would you doe with a little more? Thus I write, to meet with your humor, which in silence speaks more, then he who talkes much to lesse purpose: in brief, for your kinde Letter I thanke you: for your care of my businesse I will have

care of you and for your selfe onely I love you: if you have occasion to come downe, use my house as your owne: my Falcon hath kild a Partridge, but of her flight I will make no brags, but when you come, you shall see sport, that I am perswaded will like you: in the mean time glad to heare of your health, the continuance whereof I heartily pray for, wishing as soone as conveniently I may, to see you, that wee may trie a Course with our Greyhounds for a fat Bucke: Having now no matter of import wherewith to trouble you, with my most hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving friend C. K.

To a familiar friend.

EIther paper is scant, your affaires are great, or your spirit is lazy, that in so many weekes, I have not heard from you so much as how doe you. The cause I would be glad to know, so it be not such as I shall be sorry to heare, that either lack of health or libertie be not the cause of your silence: I pray you therefore mend this little fault in friendship, to ease the trouble of imagination: and in a sufficient excuse set my thoughts at quiet, which being much distempered through doubt of your health. I have sent this bearer on purpose unto you: whom I beseech you in all love returne to me with all speed. Newes we have none worth the writing, & therfore knowing your spirit desirous not to be troubled with toyes, in that hearty love that holds you as deare as my life, wishing no greater worlds comfort then in the continuall injoying of your happie company: hoping shortly to see you here, which can be no sooner then long wished, and shall be ever most welcome, in the unfained affection of a true friend, I rest,

Yours as mine owne, N. B.

The Answer.

I Perceive it is true, that I have often heard, that love is not without jealousie, but as fearful of hurt as careful of good: but to put you out of all doubts that may be some disquiet to your wished rest, let it suffice you to know my health is as you left it, I thank God for it: my affaires are not much, but I could salute my friend, nor my spirit so lazy, but I could write a letter to my so much beloved, and to excuse my silence, let me tell you, that the last weeke I wrote unto you by your Fathers Bailiffe, who

who, I marvell hath not delivered it ere this time: in that letter you shal find my mind touching your suit in Court which I fear, if it be tedious, will prove more chargeable then commodious: but observing a good course, a good opportunity may be prosperous: in my letter I have written at full unto you, wherein, I hope, you will clear all suspition of any fault in my silence, and expect my coming down ere it be long: in the mean time with hearty thanks for all kindnesse, without any further needlesse complement, I rest,

Yours as mine own, R.B.

A Love Letter.

FAirest Mistresse, if upon so small conference, words may have credit, she shall not live whose favour shall command more of my service: for such is the unfaigned affection, in which I have devoted my selfe to your employment, that if there be a heaven in this world, I will seek that Paradise, but in your kindnesse. Think not that I seek with eloquence to creep into your good opinion, for I had rather be, then seem to be, him that you will I shall be: for such being your worthinesse of far more honor then the service of my affection, mistrust not his truth, who hateth the thought of dissimulation, & wisheth no greater happines then in the honor of your Commandement: for loving but you being favoured by you, I cannot be happy but in you. To Court you with flattery is too common a folly, and to bribe your kindnes were a conceit of basenes: but to avow your fernice, let be the duty of love, which from my heart to your eyes be a messenger of my true thoughts, who with all their might, to my uttermost power, have conjured me in true service,

Yours onely and wholly, H.W.

The Answer.

GOod Sir, to abuse your kindnesse, were as ungracious, as to admit your service might be dangerous: and therefore not unthankfull for your offer, give me leave to consider of the acceptation: a sudden passion holds not, and a first view may be deceitfull: lead not then your heart by your eyes, to the hurt of your spirit, and seek not happinesse in commandement where liberty is so much contentment: liking may be short of love, and fancy may be mistaken in the true felicity, but if truth have devoted your love, honour will be the reward of your service.

which if you shall proffer to one more worthy, you shall make your selfe the more happy: for my selfe I will think the best, till I finde the contrary: but to avoid the worst, blame me not to be carefull: a good beginning, with a better proceeding, promiseth a blessed ending: which wishing you in all those courses, where truth is honourable in all her actions, having occasion of your imployment, in a friendly title of commandement, ready to acquite that kindnesse that is honourable in construction, I rest as I finde cause,

Your loving friend, M.R.

To a familiar friend.

HAving so fit a messenger, I could not let him passe without some remembrance of my love unto you, wherein if I may any waies pleasure you, I will be readier to performe it then speake it: touching such things as you wrote unto me by the Carrier, I have taken such order for them, as I hope will be to your content, not a little glad that I had so good opportunity to speak with the parties, so soone upon your Letter: I assure you, I found them as tractable as you could wish. I have staid all causes till your comming to Towne, when I hope to bring all matters to a good end: I have sent you by this Bearer a Runlet of Sack, I hope not of the worst, howsoever it be, I wish it better then it is, I pray you take it in good part, and write me word how you like it that I may either thank my Vintner or change him: newes here are none, but old, or false: and therefore onely wishing you all happinesse, with my hearty commendations to your self, & to your good Bedfellow, I commit you to the Almighty. London this tenth of July. 1645.

Your loving friend, T.W.

An Answer.

I have received your kinde Letter and friendly Token, for both which, with many other good favours, I most heartily thank you: and for your care of my businesse, be you assured it shall not be forgotten. I will be at London if I can within this month: when you shall rule me in all things as you list: I am glad you have spoken with them, and hope by your good means to have a peace after a long warre: if it had not been for my Ague, I had been with you the last weeke, but as soon as I am sound, I intend to see you: in the meane time in requitall of your Sacke,

Sack, I have sent you a fat Doe, which if it prove like your wine, I am sure it will passe with warrant: as it is, I commend it to your kindnesse, and my self to your commandement: and so hoping of your good health, which I pray for as mine own, with thanks to your wife for my Banbury Cheese, for which, I have sent her a pound of Pepper that she wrote to me for: ready in what may lie in our power to pleasure either any one, or both of you as one: I take my leave at this time, but rest alwaies,

Gawthorpe Dec. 22. 1645.

Your poore friend, M.R.

A Letter of Love to a fair Mistresse.

SWeet Lady, if the reach of my capacity could climbe the hope of your favour, it should be a strange peece of service that I should refuse at your commandement: but when I think upon your Nobleness, and then behold mine own unworthinesse, I can but swallow up those sighes, and dare speak nothing of my love: and yet when I know that the eies of honor regard vertue in no little grace, in the service of honor, I can fear no ill fortune: in the nature of which humblenesse, throwing my heart into your hands, at the feet of your favour laying the height of my hopes happinesse, till occasion of imployment, and ever devoted to your commandement, I rest without rest, till I may ever onely and wholly rest.

Yours, in all I am, or not to be my selfe at all, D. G.

Her Answer.

SIR, I have heard it of the Wise, thus, if Hope climbe to honor, Vertue is a good hold, whose service the most noble doe most favourably entertain: in the nature of which humor if your affections be grounded, have no fear of fortune, howsoever envy be your enemy. Who speakes all in saying nothing, may understand an answer by the like reason, and think that hand unworthy honour, that will not kindly regard the heart of love: leave then the sighes of feare to the faithlesse, and swallow not a Gudgin in a dream, but as you find cause of honor, so performe either your love or service, which too good for an unworthy, reserve for your bet-

ter fortune: And so in the best sort of kindnesse, ready to requite your good meaning, I rest in what I may,

Your assured friend, T. N.

Roger to Margerie his Sweet-heart.

MArgerie, I have received your snappish Letter, whereby I see you are more angry, then I thought you would have been for a mis-word or two, but I hope to mend what is amisse: for I see I was too blame: for now I find the knavery of the world, I will look a little better to my selfe: for it was your Cousins doing to devise lies, to set you and me out, but if you will be ruled by me, we will meet with them well enough: upon Friday I will meet you at the market: where we will have a Cake and a Pot at the Pickerill and the Spurre, there we will strike up a bargain that will not be broken in hast: and so sorry with all my heart that I have done as I have done: sending thee twenty kisses by my sister Parnell, and this bowed Groat for a love token, I rest,

Yours from all the world, R. O.

Her Answer.

OH Roger, the world is well amended: I thought you were misused, to write to me as you did: but friends are nere so farre out, but they may be as far in again: and therefore since it was against your will, I forgive you withall my heart: & let my Cousin doe his worst, Ile not goe from my word: on Friday ile meet you at ten of the clock, and bring a peece of bacon in my pocket. to relish a cup of Ale, when it shall goe hard if all hit right, but some body shall wipe their nose for their knavery, and so Roger, hoping that you will no more abuse me as you have done, to beleeve lies and tales of me, til you know the truth, treading all unkindnesse under foot, I rest, withall my heart, as I was and will be ever,

Yours as you know, M. R.

From a Yeoman in the Country to his Son in London.

SOn, you know what charge I have been at with you, as wel in bringing you up to London, as in furnishing you for your preferment: all which

which I hope you will have such care of that I shall not think any thing lost that I have done for you: in any wise serve God, please your Master, & be carefull of such things as you are put in trust with, be rather an example of good then of evill, & have patience with all things, howsoever you are crost in your expectation: beware of evill company, and Pride, and Drunkennesse, and take heed of following faire women, I shall be glad to heare well of you, and as I see you thrifty, you shall find me kind, your master is an honest man: and a good trade is gainefull: but, I hope, I shall not need to be too earnest in advising thee for thy welfare. God who hath created thee, I hope, will so blesse thee, that I shall have joy of thee: and for my selfe, with my blessing, I have sent thee here inclosed a token of my love: use it to thy good: shortly, God willing, thou shalt heare farther from me: in the meane time and ever, I rest,

Your loving father, T. N.

An answer of the Sonne to the Father.

My good Father, I have received your kind Letter and token, for which I humbly thank you: and for such things as you wish me to have care of, be you assured I will not be unmindfull of, for my Master, I thank God, he putteth me in trust more then I will speake & useth me so kindly, that I were a Jew if I should deceive him: but my Mistresse is so perilous a woman, that if she be displeased, there is no quiet with her: but all the house may learne patience of my Master: and therefore I will feed her humor, and let her have her saying: for Women, when I meane to wive I will take choise: and for evill company, I hope, God will blesse me out of such as are not for my good: and therefore feare not but I hope one day to give you cause to think all well bestowed that you have or will lay out for me: I have sent you by this bearer a hawking bag, my Mother a paire of Gloves, and my Sister a Girdle: my Master hath him heartily commended unto you & to my mother, and desires you to send him up a good Cheese, which he will requite: he hath sent my mother a pound of Sugar, and giveth her thanks for her fine Puddings: this is all that at this time I have to write unto you, and therefore beseeching your blessing, praying to God for your health & long life, with my humble duty to you and my good Mother, and commendations to al my Friends, I commit you to the Almighty. London,

Your loving Sonne, V. N.

To

To a Wife in the Country.

GOod Wife in all kindnes I commend me to thy ſelf, aſſuring thee, that I thinke it long till I have diſpatched my buſineſſe, and am at home again: But I hope of good ſucceſſe in my ſute, for my Counſell doth warrant my caſe cleere: Upon Friday nert I ſhall have triall, which I doubt not will goe on my ſide: if it doe not, my thought is taken, for I thank God I can live without it, though I would be loth to loſe it. My health, I thank God, I have well, and pray for the ſame to thee and thine. I pray you ſend me up twenty pounds by this bearer, with all ſpeed, and within five dayes after the diſpatch of my buſineſſe, expect my comming down: in the mean time kiſſe my little babes for mee, to whom with thy ſelfe, I ſend my hearts hoping commendations, and ſo in haſte I commit thee to the Almightie.

London,

Your very loving Husband, R. T.

Her Anſwer.

SWeet-heart, your Meſſengers haſte makes mee briefer then otherwiſe I would be, the good diſpatch of your buſineſſe I hope. & heartily pray for: your health I am glad of, and your return cannot be ſo ſoone as wiſhed for. Your money I have ſent by this Bearer. Your little ones with my ſelfe would be glad to ſee you, who doe not a little miſſe you for divers cauſes too tedious at this time to trouble you withall: But in any wiſe remember your Girles Cawle, and your Boyes Hat, which will not be a little welcome. But good Husband, make one end or another with it this Terme, leſt delaies and demurres, make you to ſpend more in it then it is worth: But you know what to doe better then I can adviſe you: and therefore leaving it to your diſcretion, to doe what ſhall beſt pleaſe you I commit you to God, and reſt, in haſte.

Caulkeley,

Your very loving Wife, M. T.

A Letter upon ordinary cauſes.

SIR, it is given me to underſtand by ſome that lately came from thoſe parts that in the Ilands there have arrived of late, certain Fiſhermen, that by a croſſe wind and ſudden tempeſt, are driven into your harbours: if it be true, and that they lie there for any time, I pray you faile me not to buy me a hundred of Ling, as much Haberdine and other fiſh, ſuch as you think good: I would lay out a hundred pounds willingly: what you lay out, you ſhall upon your letter have paied here in London, to whom you ſhall direct it: I have ſent down by the Carrier a peece of broad cloth of the ſame colour whereof you wrote unto me: I am aſſured it will be to your liking: if you need any more or any thing elſe that may lie in my power, I pray you make as bold of me, as any friend you have, Cole-fiſh and poor-John I have no need of, and therefore hoping that you will husband my purſe as a friend, with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty, London this 8. of Novem. 1645.

Your loving friend, M.R.

The Anſwer.

SIR, your Letter and piece of cloth, I have received, for which I heartily thanke you, for which you ſhall receive money by my Couſin at Dice key, when it pleaſe you to ſend to him: but for the fiſher-men, indeed they put in for a night, but in the morning the wind came faire, and they put to ſea again: ſo that except a few Ling that they beſtowed upon our Mayor and Bayliffs, for ſome freſh victual that they had from us, there was little bought here at this time: but we hear of them that ſhortly we ſhall have a fleet come by us, when, if there be any good to be done, I will not fail to befriend you to your content: in the mean time wiſhing any good occaſion, wherein I might requite your kindneſſe, in prayer for your health, and hearts eaſe, I commit you to God: Yarmouth this 15. of Decemb. 1645.

Yours aſſured to command, T.D.

A Letter to a friend for diſpatch of buſineſſe.

I Am bold to intreat your kindneſſe, to ſtead me in what you may touching the purchaſe of the Mills and Hop-gardens, for which if your neighbour will take mine offer, I am for him, or elſe I muſt otherwiſe determine of my mony that I have reſerved onely for that uſe. I am offered great penny-worths in divers places: but the eye pleaſeth

me well about that house, and the trouts in the little brooks have made me have a great mind to dwell thereabouts: if therefore you can bring him to my price, I will be beholding to you: if not, let me know his mind, and I am satisfied: for to tel you the troth, I would have it though it cost me more then it is worth, and so intreating you to doe me what good you can herein, for which you shall not find me unthankful, I rest,

Your loving friend, A.W.

The Answer.

I Received your Letter, dated the xiij. of this month, whereby I understand your mind touching the Lease of the two Mills and Hop-gardens: but I cannot bring it to passe one penny under the Summe, whereupon he tels me you were in a manner agreed: the man is hard but very honest: and the Land good, and lieth finelie to the house: the Soil is healthfull: and there is good store of Springs, besides, the River is not far off, whereby you may have carriage weekly from the Citie upon a small reckoning: but use your discretion, the price you know, and mee you may command, but time would not be deferred, for there are many about it: and therefore leaving to your discretion, either to take it, or refuse it, with assurance of my help to the utmost of my power, either in this or what else may pleasure you, I alwaies rest,

Yours as you know, T.D.

Letters of love betwixt *Rinaldo* and *Lorina*.

FAirest of the world, and sweetest on the earth: the beautie of whose eies puts the best wits to admiration: and the wisdome of whose government commands the honor of loves service: how should my amazed spirit hope of power to presume neer the happinesse of your favor? No, Fortune is my ever sworn enemie, and desert must take place in higher reach then the longest arm of my unworthinesse: yet let me not be so deprived

deprived of Reaſon, that I may not looke into the nature of Vertue, where honour in kindneſſe makes beautie Angelical: but in the humilitie of affection to offer the imployment of my ſervice, in which if I faile the expectation of your affection, upon the condemnation of inſufficiencie let diſgrace be my deadly puniſhment: where, in the Labyrinth of ſorrow I may languiſh all my daies. But if the Fates be not too froward in croſſing the indevours of my duty, be you gracious unto love, that hath wholly ſworn me your ſervant: with which title if I may be honored, I will ſeek no other colors of my comfort. But fearing your unknowne occaſions of affaires, I will not be tedious to your patience, but reſt ever in my love,

Your vowed, though not allowed ſervant, *Rinaldo.*

Her Anſwer.

VVItticſt of an hundred, and craftieſt of a thouſand: whoſe eloquence like inchantment, would take priſoner a weake judgement. How ſhould my ſimple capacitie conceive the drift of your advice? Fortune is but a fiction: and therefore it is no matter for her friendſhip, while deſert hath a power in the preferment of duty, and love in vertue gives an honor to beauty: where, if Reaſon be carefull, Affection may be joyfull. But leave Angels to the heavens, and take heed of devils upon earth, which under the cloak of humilitie hide the head of ambition. Perfection hath no affinitie with Corruption: and what the heavens determine, the world muſt endure. But in flattery of my perfection you have deceived my expectation, who imagining you wiſe, am ſorry to ſee the contrary: and if I might be judge, the Law would quickly have his courſe, where diſſimulation appearing, ſhould be condemned to perpetuall diſdain: but hoping better of your humor then to wrong the ſimplicity of beleef, let the patience of affection lead you out of the Labyrinth of ſorrow, to the mountaine of that bliſſe, whoſe vertue may give you grace, to the attainment whereof leaving your thoughts to their beſt iſſue, I reſt, as I may,

Your friend, *Lorina.*

A Reply.

THe high honor of your Vertue, that from the merit of your graces flieth through the world, so farre beyond fame, as makes her amazed of her wonder, so dampeth the power of my spirit, that as an eye which is beholding the Sun, twinckleth with the lids for fear to lose the sight: so the humble eie of my heart, that in beholding the bright beames of your Sunnie beautie, trembling in feare by presumption to lose the life of loves hope, submitteth it self to the will of that power, which in pity may save, or in fury may kill the life of that creature, who at the feet of your favour hath laid the height of his felicitie. Shew therfore the heavenlie nature of that vertue, which may purchase you worthy honor: take not pleasure in destruction, that may be gracious in comfort: but lead the heart by your eie, that hateth the light, but in your love: where in the glasse of clearest grace, truth may see her beauty unspotted: and honour in truths service, creaves but the entertainment of imployment: in which, time shall confirme that care shall ever conclude: my thoughts shall be onely honored in your servite, and my love ever happy in your commandement: in hope whereof, if I may, I will rest,

Yours ever, Rinaldo.

Her Answer.

THe low course in loves comfort that you take, to lead you into my liking, is so farre from the nature of good desert, that I know not whether silence were a fit answer to idlenesse, or reprehension a just reward for indiscretion: and therefore in doubt what to doe, pardon me, if I doe not as I should: for though wisdome would admit no cause of danger, yet courtesie is such law in nature, as is too great a friend to love. Yet if I could chide and not be angry, I could wish you leave a creeping climbing, lest you be thought a baser creature, then may stand with the honor of your condition. Leave a twinckling eie to Owlie sights, and figure not the Sun in the Cipher of a shadow: nor presume further then you may passe without feare: but in submission use that discretion, that may maintain the reputation of affection: and be persivaded that Vertue cannot be ungracious, howsoever folly runne upon destruction: murther

ther is hatefull to nature, and love is the joy of reason: what then should trouble a good spirit that is possessed of no ill humour: but in the resolution of honor, to build the hope of his happinesse, and while colours are fittest for Painters, to march under the Ensigne of truth: where in the field of Fame, Vertue carieth the victory: to the triall of which service leaving the happy event of your adventures, I rest as I may,

Your poor friend assured, *Lorina.*

A familiar Letter to a friend in the Country.

HOw neer ingratitude is to forgetfulnesse, I would be loth my silence should make proofe, especially knowing the kind welcome of my unworthie Letters: and therefore understand you, that all things are here as you left them, health nothing impaired, and our substance (if we may so terme our drosslie treasure) little diminished, but our mindes, through want of your company, not so merry as whē you were with us: for, the lusty spirits of unseasoned wits, who understād no other wealth then their own will, make time tedious, which were it better exercised, would be more pleasing: and to tel you truth, were not books my better friends, I should be subject to much melancholy: but my Library, though but little, stands me in much good stead, in which if there be any book that may pleasure you, I pray you make use of it: and so soon as you well may, let me intreat your return, and till then your often writing, that we may joy in our health, which as I hope of, I daily pray for: Newes here are many, but so few true, or of any worth, that being as yet altogether uncertain what to beleeve, till I have further certain intelligence, I will crave pardon at this time, and rest alwaies,

Your assured friend, A.T.

His Answer.

IN reading your letter, then which nothing but your selfe can be more welcome, me thinks I see the meeting of two Lovers in a morning,

who surely dreaming of each other in their sleep, scarce wel awake, came out with a kind of wonder, Oh Lord, how have you done since yesternight so may I say to you: it is not a full week since we were together, & shall we fear silence for so little a while? But what shall I say? It is a pleasing humor to solicite love, and a content to the minde to continue quietnesse, which fortune crossing in want of presence, wit can work in spight of absence, let then the muddie fish dwell in miry Lakes, and the better natures seek sweeter places: and for the Library I will not make thee jealous of my love, but let me tell thee, they are most sweet companions, and so for their own sakes esteem them: and though I love them, yet will not I deprive thee of any of them: for an understanding spirit they are a kinde of Paradise. Now for my health, I thank God I need no Physick, and for my purse, it hath vent enough for letting my money grow rusty, and for my mind, to tell thee truth, it is with God and thee: with whom I hope to be shortly, till when, and then, and ever, I rest,

Yours what mine thine, N.B.

A Letter from a Father to his Son at the University.

My deare Sonne, as nothing can joy the heart of a Father more, then the obedience of a loving childe, so can there be nothing more grievous then the stubborne spirit of an ungracious Sonne. I speake this to thee, knowing thy years and understanding able to digest the consideration of my desire, which, in summe, is my joy in thy good. For, let me tell thee, my estate thou knowest, and how much I have strained my credit for thy advancement: to which learning being a speedy and assured good mean, I would be glad to see my comfort in thy profit, in such fruits of thy study, as with the blessing of God may hasten thy preferment, I am sorry to tell thee, that I hear thy diligence doth not answer my desire, & would gladly wish it otherwise: but I hope a kind admonition will suffice to work a good nature: and therefore will rather hope the best then doubt the contrary: and in the love of a father, let me intreat thee to avoid the company of a lewd fellow, as rather an enemy then a friend: the feminine sex are dangerous to affect: for as they wil be a losse of time, so with hinderance of study they will procure expence. The exercise of thy body I admit for thy health, but let thy love be in thy learning else wilt thou never be good Scholar: for desire and delight are the best

Masters

ſpatters both of Art and knowledge, while reaſon vertuous makes underſtanding gracious. And therefore not out of the bitter humor of diſpleaſure, but the carefull nature of affection, I write unto thee for thine owne good: and ſo praying to God for thee, whom I beſeech daily to bleſſe thee, with my hearts love, to the Lords bleſſing I leave thee.

Thy loving father, H. N.

An Anſwer of the Sonne to the Father.

AFter the bands of humble duty, my good Father, I have received your moſt kind and loving Letter, in which how much joy I have received, I cannot expreſſe: fearing rather your ſharp rebuke, then loving admonition: but God is himſelf, who can and doth worke more in ſome natures with a kinde chiding, then in ſome other with many ſtripes: I know you are not ignorant of the inclination of youth, therefore doth thus kindly touch the hurt of unheedfulneſſe: for which how much I doe humbly thanke you, I hope my care of your counſell, in time, ſhall pleaſingly tell you: therefore, for what ill you have heard, grieve not: and of the good you may hear, doubt not: and beleeve me, for I will not abuſe your truſt, what vanity ſoever I have ſeemed to affect, my Book hath been the Miſtreſſe of my love: in which how much I will labour, and from which what profit I will gather, your hope ſhall ſee in the effect of Gods bleſſing; without the which, how dangerous are divers ſtudies to the underſtanding of ungracious ſpirits, I would it were not known in any, and pray God that none may know it in me; my preferment I leave to Gods pleaſure, who beſt knoweth how to diſpoſe of his ſervants: and for your contentment, that it may be in my obedience. Your health as my worlds happineſſe, I pray for: mine own moderate exerciſe, with abſtinence from exceſſe, doth with Gods bleſſing hold me in good ſtate: and for the ſeminaries, though I would be no hypocrite, yet I had rather read of them, then be acquainted with them: for I allow of your opinion touching them: and ſo hoping that ere long, you ſhall receive as much content of my courſes, as you have ever doubted the contrary: in the duty of my humble love I take my leave for this time, but reſt alwaies,

Your obedient Sonne, T. N.

To

To his deare and onely beloved Miſtreſſe Suſan Pearle.

SWeeteſt of my thoughts, and neareſt of my love, if Reaſon had the power to expreſſe the nature of my paſſion, I am perſwaded that the eie of thy beautie would vouchſafe a kind look upon the heart of my love, which continually languiſhing in the doubt of my affection, deſireth not to live, but in the comfort of thy kindneſſe: loth I am with ceremonious eloquence to move ſuſpition of truth: and yet an Orient Pearl would be ſet in pure gold: groſſe ſpeeches fit not fine ſpirits: and for your ſelfe, I will rather honor then flatter you: and if I may ſerve you, I will ſo well deſerve of you, that I will lay the hope of my worldes happineſſe, upon the honour of your favour: ſetting aſide all care of other contentment: I have bequeathed my life to your love: in which, if I faile in the truth of your truſt, let me receive the reward of your diſgrace: which being more direfull then death can be, let me but intreat your admiſſion of my ſervice, beleef of my love, and regard of my triall: which be it in body or in mind, ſhal have no reſt, but in your pleaſure. What ſhall I ſay? but time is precious, and delaied patience in Paſſion moſt grievous: haſten therefore I beſeech you, the hope of my deſire, in the happineſſe of your commandement, and let no cloud of miſtruſt barre me the light of your love, which being on this earth the onely bright Starre that leads me to my worldes heaven, let me live as in death, til I may revive in this comfort: in hope whereof, and deſire of which, laying the head of my fortune at the feet of your honor, I reſt with little reſt, till I may fully and wholly reſt,

Yours only and all, or mine own nothing at all, T. I.

AP 57

FINIS.

A POSTE
VVITH
A PACKET OF
MAD LETTERS.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Marriot*.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To The Reader.

Eader, I know not what you are, and therefore I cannot well tel what to ſay: onely this at adventure: if you be wiſe, you will not play the foole in ſcoffing at that which perhaps may deſerve a better countenance: if you be not wiſe, I can but pray for your better underſtanding; howſoever you be, I will hope the beſt of you, that you will think of my Work as it deſerves, which is as much as I deſire. If you get any good by it, thank me for it: if hurt, thank your ſelf for your abuſe of that might ſerve you better. This is all I can and will at this time ſay unto you: my intent was to pleaſure many, and you may be one of them: and to hurt none at all, and therefore not you. So leaving my Book to your liking; as it falleth out, I reſt, as I have reaſon.

Your Friend,

Nicholas Breton.

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A POSTE VVITH A PACKET OF MAD LETTERS.

A Letter between the Knight *R. M.* and the Lady *E. R.*

Fair Lady,

SWeet ſhould be that ſpirit, which through the inſtinct of love underſtandeth the ſilence of truth, whoſe tongue is the heart, whoſe words are ſighes, in which are hidden the ſecret fruits of thoſe Trees, that onely grow in the Paradiſe of reaſon: Vouchſafe then, faire eie, more bright then the Sunne beames, with one ſplendent glance of your gracious favour, to bleſſe this rude and unworthy Paper, the which if it hath made you any way offended, in the fire conſume it: but if through the power of the Fates, or the effect of your kindneſſe, it may doe you the leaſt pleaſure, let him be metamorphoſed to worſe then nothing, that would be any thing, but that Letter, during your reading, or ever any other thing, then at your pleaſure in your ſervice, for that under heaven, having no cauſe of comfort, but in my concealed hope of your grace, let all worlds be ſweet as bitternelle to my thought, that ſhall ſeeke ſweetneſſe in other ſenſe: ſo looking for no felicity but in the neſt of the Phœnix, which is in the admiration of honor, in the humility of love, I reſt

Yours devoted to be commanded, R. M.

Her Anſwer.

VVIſedome might well appeare in that heart, which could pierce into the conceit of that ſpirit, that with the figures of love deceives the ſenſe of ſimplicity: which not ſuſpecting evil, finds ſeldome other ſubſtance. Oh poore truth, how is thy title made a ſhadow of deceit? while in ſeeking of Paradiſe, Folly fals into Hel: yet not to wrong any creature, happy may he live that makes Faith his felicitie, and pardoned be that Paper that does but his Maſters meſſage: let then ſighes bee buried in the death of forgetfulneſſe, while ſilence underſtandeth that vertue ſpeaketh: and in the fire of that flame whoſe heat is more felt then ſeen, be that Letter burned that offends me with pleaſure: ſo aſſuring my ſelfe, that if from the neſt of the Phœnix you paſſe without a feather, either the figure will be a Cipher, or the fancie affection: ſo leaving your beſt thoughts to a bleſſed iſſue, I reſt affectionately,

Yours in what I may, E.R.

His Reply.

VVnworthie ſhould that heart bee of the leaſt of loves happineſſe, that can have power to give place to the poyſon of Deceit: and more then miſerable were the life, that to hell makes ſuch a paſſage. Oh bleſſed Creature, doe not thinke the world to be the Cave of the accurſed. Nor doe a wrong to love, in the ſuſpition of truth: ſimple Faith hath no feare, and true love cannot faine: but if ſilence be the onely anſwer of the expectation of comfort, hope in obſcureneſſe muſt ſeek the happineſſe of deſire: but let not fancy be a Cipher, when Faith knowes no fiction; but let your favour be the Feather in the neſt of my honours Phœnix: which till I may kindly receive, I ſhall in the Sun-beames of your beautie conſume to the aſhes of diſcomfort, in which, commending the ſumme of my life, to the true and honourable ſervice of love, I reſt,

Yours what mine owne, R.M.

The

The Anſwer.

VNgracious is that ſpirit, that through ſuſpition of Deceit, doth injury to love: and bleſſed is that fancy, that lives onely by faith: ſweet is the warre, where kindneſſe ends the quarrel, and little the hurt, where hope is a moſt preſent and readie help: in briefe, they are blind travellers, that in ſeeking to find Heaven, goe to Hell: and if Love be himſelfe, he hath life in aſſurance: let it then ſuffice you, to find the due of Deſert where deſire exceeds not limits of Reaſon: ſo, in the nature of that honour, that gives Vertue her beſt grace, commending the comfort of your care to the condition of your conceit, I reſt, as I have occaſion to equall honour in true affection,

Yours as I finde cauſe, E.R.

A merry Letter from a conceited friend to his like familiar.

HOneſty, I hope I am in the right, except the great winde have blown clean away your beſt wit: give me leave, ſpight of your teeth, to tell you that I love you, and leſt I ſhould grow deaf, I would be glad to hear of you: and therefore having a fit meſſenger I thought it not amiſſe to write, not for any thing I have to ſay, but that while I thinke on you, you ſhould ſee I doe not forget you: for though complements are but idle, yet they make words inſtead of other matter. Now to the purpoſe, you ſhall underſtand, that at the writing hereof, a ſudden occaſion of buſineſſe made me make an end ere I had begun, and therefore intending to write I know not what, to abridge my conceit I know not how: but hoping that you are wiſe enough to think what you liſt, I will onely pray for you, that being in as good health as I left you, as ſoon as conveniently you can, I may meet with you, when, and where it ſhall pleaſe you: for as you know, I am for you in al kindneſſe to quite you, and ſo to him that made you, ever to bleſſe and keep you, with my hearty commendations I leave you.

Yours what mine own, N.B.

An

An anſwer to the ſame.

MErry Grigge, I am ſure I am not in the wrong, except the Suns radiant beams have dried up your braines ſince I left you: Let me, for I will tell you, that in my love I ont leap you, and will not be ſo idle, as not to anſwer you, that my ſenſes doe not ſo faile me, but that I underſtand you, and having no better company, would bee glad to be troubled with you: for you have not a kinde thought wherein I doe not quarrell with you, whether is of more force in the nature of true friendſhip: which becauſe Fortune favors few fooles this yeare, we muſt tarry longer to play our game: but never too late to goe to an ill bargaine, for now we doe but talke, our Purſes take no hurt, but when the Terme comes, that wee may joyn iſſue in our cauſe, I feare the Kings head in Fiſh-ſtreet will find us too good Clients: but all is well that ends well, except it were bad in the beginning, as I thinke by this my Letter: for being troubled with ile not tell you what, leſt it ſhould make you thinke I care not what, I have written what you may read, and doe as you ſee cauſe, either to reply with imperfectiō, or let it reſt with a Non-plus: and ſo not doubting you to be your ſelfe, and to put me in the number of your ſecond ſelfe, I reſt to your ſelfe, and my ſelfe,

One alwaies Yours, H.W.

A reply to the laſt Letter, with ſome newes.

IF you were as wiſe as I could wiſh you, I could take a little paines to write unto you: and yet for that you underſtand your ſelfe, I care not if I trouble you with a little idleneſſe. In the Pariſh of Saint Aſſe, at the ſigne of the Hobbi-horſe, Paid Parrian and the Foole fell together by the eares with the Piper: ſo that had not the good man of the Pewter-Candleſtick ſet in for the Morriſdance, the May-game had been quite ſpoiled: but when the game had gone round, and their braines were well warmed, their legges grew ſo nimble, that their heels went higher then their heads: but in all this cold ſweat, while luſtie-guts and his beſt beloved were caſting Sheepes eies at a Cods-head, Hue and Cry came ſuddenly thorow

thorow the ſtreete. The Fore hath killed a tame Gooſe: at the ſudden noiſe whereof the multitude were ſo ſcared, that all the Morris dancers were divided, and the Foole ran home to your towne: but becauſe we have ſome miſſe of him in our Parish, I pray you keep him not too long with you: and ſo for lacke of better preſent occurrents, content your ſelfe with ſuch newes as the times afford you: hereafter you may have better, till when, and alwaies, I reſt as you know,

Yours T. R.

An anſwer to the newes.

IF you were not more then halfe mad, you would not have danced ſuch a Trenchmore with your little wits, but yet ſince I gueſſe it is about the full of the moone, I will hope shortly of your amendment: in the meane time let me adviſe you to take patience to your underſtanding, to direct you in a better courſe: for when you waked out of your dreame, you ſaw no body, but the man that you thought was runne to our towne, and he was putting you on a Coat with foure Elboes: for Maid Marrian, she, I thinke is troubled with you in her Creame-pot: but for the Hobbie Horſe, alas, he hath forgot your turne, and therefore you ſhould do wel to make repaire to our Market. I thinke it will be a Saints day, when if a naughtie Bird doe not croſſe the Nightingale, you ſhall heare ſome ſtrange muſicke about our Medow-plot, and at the leaſt you ſhall heare the old Song that you were wont to like well of, ſung by the black browes with the cherrie-cheeke, under the ſide of the pide Cow: Come live with me and be my Love: you know the reſt, and ſo I reſt,

Thine what mine, N. R.

Another Reply.

O Brave Oliver, leave me not behinde you: you play the Merchant all the Weeke, and make all whole upon the Holiday, you would be angry if you could tell how: and yet having the Cards

in your hand, you cannot choose but turne up the Noddie: the matter is not great, that Taylor that fitteth my Coate, hath made you many a Jacket, where if it were not for displeasing Jack an Apes, I could make him fal out with the workman, for acquainting you with his invention: but let this passe, and to a better purpose: my Neighbour and your good friend hath a welcome in store for you. & his eldest daughter would make you both a Husband and a Brother, her worth you know, and his wealth will doe no hurt: I should be glad of your good Fortune, and you I think should play well at, be you pleased: and so much for the conjunction. Now for newes, I heare none of late, but that the Bayliffe of our hundred hath had a mischance, his Wife taking a blow that never smarted, he hath a paine in his head, that cannot be cured, for having no other Plaister but patience, is resolved to make good cheere with his friends, and finding himselfe alone, is content to make merry with good fellowes: this is all for this time, and so in hast I end,

Yours, N. B.

An Answer.

When wit goes a wool-gathering, the thred of it may be fine if it be well spun: I see you have little to do that have so much leasure to play your Luri-pups: If I could meet you right, I would fit you a penny worth: but though I cannot pay you your due, I will die in your debt, and though I play at Noddy, I will not take the Card out of your hand: for I know not how you can spare him: but leaving Gamesters to their trickes, and Jack-an-apes to his Monky, let me tell you, that for your neighbour you are so neere him, that I need not to trouble him: and for his wealth and her worth, you know well enough what to doe with them: for my selfe, I love not to shake hands with your Constable in the company of kinde fellowship, but yet not wronging an honest Wench, I will wish her better fortune then my affliction: and so commending my selfe, I will assist thee with my good prayers, that the Bayliffe of the Hundred may find thee one among a thousand, I meane to shake hands, but not heads with: and so in some little occasion of sudden busines, I will here conclude for this time, and alwaies rest,

Thine R. M.

To

To my Honourable good Lord, my Lord *Morasi*,

RIght Honourable: to expresse unto your good Lordship the humble duty of my affection, I cannot better doe it, then by this Bearer: whom for many good parts fitting your Honors pleasure, I can well commend to your favourable entertainment: for, as good Pasters are like black Swans, so such Servants are choise Creatures: for a little matter of small moment will hoise up Folly above the Clouds, while Wisedome runnes a course of a more carefull temper: such I hope shall you find your Servant, whose wit and conscience take such counsell in all his actions, that the judgements of good experience hold him worthy good account: for my selfe, lest I may be partiall, I will leave his praise to your proof: and in hope of your contentment, only intreat your entertainment: shortly I hope to see you: till when perswaded that his service shall gaine him more praise then my Pen, I wil leave his qualities to your tryall, and his service to your favour, and so in infragible love rest during life.

Yours assured in true affection, R. B.

To my loving Cousin *T. W.* Justice of Peace.

VVOrthy Sir, I would be glad to write you Newes of the dispatch of your businesse, but yet it will not be: for Lawyers being full of Clyents, cannot answer all men at once, and therefore considering your matter is a case of more conscience then gaine, I must attend the leisure of your Counsellor, who as he is wise, I doubt not but will prove honest, and then a little time will be well borne with, that brings a good houre at the last: your adversary is full of money, & trudgeth up and downe like a Fore, but I hope instead of a Goose, he will be choaked with a feather: have you no feare nor care of it, for I doubt not to effect it to your content: & so much for your Law businesse. Now, for other matters, the occurrents of time are either so frivolous or dangerous, that I thinke silence better blamed then babling: for though there be few Partridges, yet there are many setters here in this towne, who listen for speech, intercept Letters, accuse the simple, and undoe the foolish: and therefore I had rather be silent with the Nightingale til May, then prate like a Cuckoe out of season: yet for that you shall not

thinke me fearefull of ſparrow blaſting, I will write you a little newes. Tobacco is like to grow a great commodity, for there is not an Oſtler nor a Tapſter, but will be at his whiffe or two, and uſe it as a ſhooing horne to draw on a pot of Beere. Bottle Ale is more common then good, and yet deare enough, it is ſo taken up with the drunken crue. Theeves are well weeded, and yet beſides ſhove-groate Meaſters, there are ſome lookers now and then. Painting was never ſo common, and pretty cheape. And for Women, ſome goe like Anticks, ſome like Maskers, ſome proudly ſober, and ſome like careleſſe reſolution, but ſome few like Angels: but they are too high for men, and therefore Ile leave them to higher powers: now men are as in times paſt: if young, hardly wiſe, though witty: if aged, wiſe: if wealthy, ſerved and honoured: if poore, at leaſt ſcorned, if not worſe uſed: if wiſe, perhaps imployed: if fooliſh, baffled: this I ſay, for the moſt part, for ſome time, for ſome cauſe both youth, and age, and poverty, and folly, are finely borne withall: but for that this is rather an old obſervation then any new matter, I will end my long Letter with never ending love: and ſo in hope of your health, commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving Couſin, W. R.

To the right Honourable, his very good Lord, the Lord, *W. H.*

RIght Honorable, your Nobleneſſe never ceaſing to bind my ſervice to your kindneſſe, hath made me at this inſtant to preſume a little upon your good favour: So it is, my good Lord, that I am ſhortly to beſtow a Daughter of mine in marriage upon a Gentleman of ſome worth, and according to our cuſtome, friends muſt be feaſted, when a Paſty of Veniſon is a grace to the whole ſervice: your Honor ſhall much pleaſure me, and as often heretofore, give me no little cauſe to be thankfull: my ſtate is not great, but my love ſo farre aſſured, as wherein I may deſerve that I cannot requite, I faile of my hope, but I will diſcharge ſome part of my debt: and ſo not doubting your favour to this my ſute for a Bucke: Beſeeching God to adde happineſſe to your good health, I humbly take my leave,

Your honours in all humbleneſſe, R. S.

To

To his deare friend, Master F. R. at his Lodging in the Temple.

MY Noble friend, you wrote of late unto me for my opinion of your intent, and advice for your course: which two points, I will touch as truly and fitly as I can. Your intent is to leave your Study, and first to Court, and then to Armes, but what hath altered your intent in Study, to fall upon an intent to strange courses? For your Bookes peaceably intreat of those things which you may finde disquiet in passing through. For touching your first course, is it not better to reade of Princes, then to carry their Crownes? You cannot feele their burdens, except you have their Cares. How full of perils are their pleasures? Yea, how many instruments of mischiefe doth the Devill send into the World to crosse the courses of good Princes, that are leading their people to Heaven? And if they be Wolves to their owne Flockes, how safe is it to be farre from their Courts? Now, leaving good Princes to Gods blessing, and others to his amendment, goe a little to his Counsell. Oh how great are the weight of their charges? And how many the natures of their troubles? who if they all be of one minde, and as it were one body of many members, yet sometime a Toe, or a Finger, a Hand, or an Arme, a Tooth, or an Eye, a Tongue, or an Eare, may perhaps, be out of temper, and so, that all the body, may be out of frame: say their wits are great through experience of place, and their powers great in the vertue of favour, yet withall, when experience is put to a new study, providence must try the power of wit with no little trouble, and when pleasures hold in power, love hath no place in servility: and when power rests upon favour, what is the feare of fortune? And further, is not the care of a common-wealth, a continuall toile of wit? Power a dangerous step to pride, hatefull in the highest eye: and Fortune unfaithfull in all her favours? Rather read thou the laudable cariage of their courses in the service of Kings, then seeke in Court to see their kindly courses, For God onely knoweth their consciences, themselves onely their care, and thou canst not know their crosses. But leaving them to their honorable proceedings, goe a little lower to the Ladies, and what shalt thou see? Either a Creature like an Angel, if vertuous: or worse then a woman, if vicious: perhaps thou shalt see painting spoile a good complexion, or deceive a simple eye-sight: heare out of a fine presence, a fond spirit speake idle, and

perhaps, an idle wit play the Wanton. Now what art thou benefited, by all this? Abuse thine eye with a picture, offend thine eare by folly, or lose thy time in idleneſſe. Were it not better for thee to read the fiction of Venus, then to be a ſervant to Vanity? And to laugh at fancy, then to follow folly? Yea, ſay there be a Phœnix among Birds, if her Neſt be too high, take heed of climbing, for feare of a fall: take heed of the Object that makes an Abject of a Subject. But looke aſide at the Attendants, what ſhall you ſee? Coſt and Courteſie, long ſervice, painefull duty, hope of favour, with feare of diſpleaſure, a great Harveſt, many Labourers, and few Gainers, and it muſt be ſo: for deſires are many, but deſerts few, and therefore they have little. In ſumme a Prince thou canſt never be, a Counſellor never thinke to be: Ladies are lovely, but beauty is coſtly: and the charge of attendants may bring hope to aſſurance. In my opinion therefore, thy intent is not good, and thy proceeding will be worſe in thy humour of courting. Now, for Armes is it not better to read of Noble Acts of Conquerors, then to try the miſery of the conquered, and to ſuffice Nature with a little, then to ſtarve for want of food? Oh the danger of death, the doubt of victories, the croſſe of valor, the terrour of ſacking a City, the defence of a battle, the ſight of bloud, the cares of the ſorrowfull, and the conſideration of conſcience: Oh theſe, with many other ill banquets, bitter ſtormes, deadly woumds, cold lodgings, hard fare, ſtinking drinke, and lowzy rags: & who knows how long? Theſe things, I ſay, with what elſe, I ſay not, are ſufficient I hope, to diſwade thee from ſo deſperate a courſe: rather read of true valour, and upon good cauſe and fit time adventure life for Honour, for thy Country, thy Religion or thy life: otherwiſe under the ſhew of ſeeking Honour, go not like a hired Butcher to kill beaſts, like a Tyrant to kil men for mony, remember what thou haſt read, Bleſſed are the Peacemakers: ſeek peace and enſue it, for God will bleſſe it if he make it. Yet if needs thou will go to the Field, begin not with the Court, leſt dainty fare, eaſe and idleneſſe, make thee unfit to adventure the hard courſe of honour, but though in regard of the great travels, and perils in thoſe paſſages, the titles of Honour doe moſt truly belong to the well-deſervers, while Valour ſhowne in Mercy, doth grace Nobleneſſe in Goodneſſe, yet for that I thinke thy Body not anſwerable to thy ſpirit, out of my love I have written thee my Advice, hoping that it will take effect, though not as I wiſh, yet ſuch as may be to thy good: & ſo knowing thy judgement ſufficient to determine of thy beſt courſe, I leave

thee

thee with it to the direction of the Almighty, whom I beſeech ever ſo to bleſſe thee, that I may alwaies heare wel of thee, and reſoyce to ſee thee: From my lodging in the little Colledge, this tenth of Auguſt, 1645.

Thine more then ſpoken, N. B.

A Letter of a Batchelor to a rich Widow.

WIdow, if you would be ſower I would call you ſweet: for though you know I love you, yet you will ſay I flatter you: but yet be it how it will, this is truth, beleeve it as you will, your eyes have caught my heart, who hath ſworne me a ſervant to your will: I cannot with eloquence Court you, but I can truely love you, and thinke my ſelfe bleſſed, if I might enjoy you: for as your preſence may pleaſe the wiſeſt, ſo your wiſedome may command the honeſt: for your wealth, be it more or leſſe then is reported, your ſelfe being of more worth, then you can have wealth, I wiſh your ſelfe rather then what is yours. You feare perhaps youths inconſtancy, it is tryall that proveth truth, and for my love, it ſhall end with my life: but what are words unbeleeved, or hopes not firmly grounded, like the Viſion of a dreame, which awake proves nothing: yet, good widow if you be kind, pitty me: and if pittifull, favour me: and if gracious, love me: God will regard you, Love will be true to you, and I will die ere I will deceive you, you may encreaſe your coyne, & decreaſe your comfort, when a coughing Song at midnight may make you weep before day, but venture a little and have much: What I am or have, you ſhall have all, my love, my ſervice, my life, and what can you have more? A little more drinke to make the cup run over, and perhaps marre the drinke that was good before: a little more coyne to fill the other bagge, and perhaps fall out to be a piece of falſe money, when cõmanded by a coſtrel, that will ſerve for nothing but a Cokold or curb'd by a Cub, that will grate you to the bones for an old Groat, you will curſe your treaſure, that was the cauſe of your deſtruction. No, no, be good to thy ſelfe in being kind to me, heare me, beleeve me, love me, and take

take me: for I will be a ſervant to thy will, a Companion to thy kindneſſe: and a Steward to thy ſubſtance: This, as I live, and hope of thy love, thou ſhalt find: for my heart hath avowed it, and I will not be a villaine to my owne ſoule. In which praying for thy health and to be made happy in thy kindneſſe, to ſay Amen to my prayers, I reſt,

Thine avowed, howſoever regarded, T. M.

A Letter of advice to his friend, W. G.

HOneſt Will, I heare by your Mother that you are going to the Univerſity, where no doubt, but with good care and diligence you may doe your ſelfe much good: but for that I have paſſed the place that you are going to, and have tryed the natures of thoſe ſtudies, and the profit to be made of them, let me tell thee mine opinion of them, and which I thinke beſt for thee to follow for thy good: Firſt, for the better bleſſing of whatſoever thou follow, beſtow ſome labour in reading the divine Love: that done, note what I tell thee for the increaſe of thy ſtocke when thou ſhalt come to have any dealings in the World: for thy better inſtruction in ſuch courſes as may be for thy commodity, obſerve theſe rules that I will read thee: Firſt, for Grammar, it is every Ushers of petty Schooles common Flaile: Logicke is but for the Univerſity: for Muſicke, it brings more crochets then Crownes: for Aſtronomy, it goes too high above the Clouds to doe any good on the earth: Coſmography is good for a Traveller, and Aſtrology for a Seamen: but for him that meanes to gather wealth and grow rich, let him be perfect in Arithmeticke, to be ſure of his numbers, it will be a meane to grow rich many waies: for if you keepe a Merchants booke, you ſhall learne his accounts, the prices of his wares, and the gaines of them, as well by great as by retaile, as well outward as homeward, and this is a ſure way to wealth. Againe, if you be advanced to a place of Office, to keep account of the number of the people, the duties, tributes, and what paiment ſoever to be made by them, for Subſidies, Fifteenes, Cuſtomes, and what elſe ſoever: Arithmeticke is moſt neceſſary for thy ſpeedy diſpatch of all thoſe buſineſſes: for howſoever honour may be ſought or bought by them that have enough, ſeeke thou wealth, and that will bring thee what the world can give thee: for if thou fall into want, and imparing or ſpending thy ſtocke, be forced

to

to take ſome mean courſe for thy maintainance, I will tell thee what thou ſhalt find true: the honeſt will onely pity thee, and ſay that thou mayeſt keep a Schoole, it is an honeſt trade, when a Churle will grutch at his groat for a ſhillings worth of labour in beating quick ſenſe into a dull wit: who if he be not capable of a good underſtanding, yet ſhall the fault of his imperfection be imputed to thy negligence, and thou undeſerved receive a frown or a foule word for thy labour: now the proud Peacock that hath a little more money then wit, will perhaps entertain thee to a blew Coat, & forty ſhillings, which how grievous it will be to a good ſpirit, thou ſhalt find, and I ſhall be ſorry to heare: beleeve me if thou have all the Sciences, be furniſhed with many languages, and art acquainted with honourable courſes, and a heart as honeſt as can live, yet if thou lacke wealth to grace all the reſt, thou ſhalt have a Foole come over thee, and a knave abuſe thee, and he whoſe wit goes no further then his trade, ſo play upon thy miſery, with ſcanning thy courſe of life, that thou wilt wiſh rather never to be born, then to bee borne downe with unhappineſſe: yea, for neceſſities ſake thou ſhalt bee forced to beſtow thy ſtudy in fictions and follies, and to ſpend thy ſpirit in vain, yea, I may ſay vile inventions, to commend an unworthy perſon, to the wound of thine owne conſcience, who though he love to heare himſelfe flattered, yet perhaps when he hath miſerably rewarded thee, yet will he lie of his bounty, which is little better then beggery. Oh what a plague is it to a noble ſpirit, through meer want to preſent an Aſſe with a burden of wit: or a baſe ſpirit with a Tract of honor? Oh deare Will, the wealthie that hath but a little wit, will grow rich with a making benefit of thy labours, while thou not weighing the lack of judgment in the firſt directing of thy courſe, wilt pine away with ſorrow, to think of thy miſtaken fortune. In briefe therefore, follow my counſell, ſtudy all the Arts ſuperficially, but chiefly Arithmetick, for it is the aſſured way to wealth: be not ignorant in Divinity: for it is the ſouls comfort: and take heed of Poetry, leſt it run away with thy wit: for it hath commonly one of theſe three properties, belibelling the wicked, abuſing the honeſt, or pleaſing the foolish: and therefore though ſome excellent man may have ſome excellant humor, doe thou rather reade in an Evening, then make thy dayes worke in the ſtudy of idleneſſe: give them praiſe that deſerve it, but doe not thou bend thy delights towards it: for in a word, it is more full of pleaſure

then profit: Thus have I writ thee a tedious Letter, hoping that if thou wilt follow my advice, it will doe thee no harme: and if so much good as I desire, I shall be glad to see it: in the meane time, leaving thy courses with thy selfe, to the guiding and tuition of the Almightie, I rest

Thine in much affection, R.P.

To his most Honourable Lady Madame *Izabella Tarina.*

HOnourable Madame, how my unworthinesse may hope of your goodnesse, I cannot finde: but in the notes of your Nobleneſſe, which as it may well challenge the height of your Title, so doth it bind a world of Servants to your favor: among whom my selfe more desirous then able to deserve the least of your countenance, am now presumptuous to trouble you with an humble suit: I have a sister, of yeares sufficient to understand betwixt good and evill, and of disposition, I thanke God, not amisse: her bringing up hath been chiefly at her book and needle, yet is she not unfurnished of other parts fit for a servant of her place: which if it might stand with your good pleasure, should be to attend your Honour in your Chamber: her truth I will undertake for, her diligence I will not doubt of her kind nature I can speake of, and her affection unto your Ladiship I know is not a little: if therefore in all these she may be pleasing to your entertainement, I shall be bound to your good favour in the honour of her preferment: which being the highest advancement, that her duttie can deserve, I leave her service with my owne to your honourable employment. So craving pardon to my boldnesse, with favour to my sute, I humbly take my leave.

Your Ladiships in all humblenesse, E.W.

To my most beloved Godfather, T.H.

GOdfather, at the Font you gave me a name, as I have heard and read of others, you undertooke to see me brought up in learning, in the feare of God: I doe not remember that ever I yet received penie from you toward the charge thereof, and you having neither charge of wife or children, might doe well to bestow your blessing upon me, in somewhat better then a bare hand, which will buy nothing: is it possible that having one foot in the grave, the other should be so farre

farre off? Am I your neereſt in nature, and ſhal I be farthest off in love? I know not the cauſe, but what ever it bee, miſconceived in kindneſſe, let me intreat you to beleeve my love, and I deſire no more: for when you are weary of the flattery of thoſe that feed upon you, among the great ſhowres of your kindneſſe that you daily rain down upon their fields, you will, I hope, beſtow one drop of grace upon my grounds. I will urge nothing but your will, and will love you more then they which tell you more: be not covetous to gather for them that gape for your goods: and be not faſt-handed to him who loves you more then all you have: and the good that you wil doe let it be in your life, that you may ſee your contentment in the iſſue of your kindneſſe: loth I am to weary you with words, and therefore in love of a true heart, which daily prayeth for your health and hearts eaſe, hoping that God will move you for my good, whoſoever is a mean of my hurt, I ceaſe further at this time to trouble you, but reſt alwaies in duty of mine humble love,

Your affectionate God-ſon, T. B.

To my deareſt beloved friend on earth,
H. W.

HOneſt Harrie, out of a troubled ſpirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee, and therefore bear with my skill, if it be not in the pleaſing nature of ſo good an humor as I could wiſh, and thou art worthy of: but as I know thee able to judge of colours better then the blinde eies and beetle-heads, and of that true kindneſſe that can & doth rather comfort the afflicted, then encreaſe the ſorrowes of the diſtreſſed: let me impart to thee ſome part of my paſſion, that patience in thy pity may the better play her part in my ſpirit: what ſhall ſay? I live as without life, pleaſured in nothing, croſſed in all hopes, put in many feares, languiſhing in many ſorrowes, & troubled with the griefe of a wounded conſcience: not with the horrour of murther, the feare of Treaſon, nor delight of ſin, but with the cruelty of Fortune, the unkindneſſe of friends, and the breach of credit, and moſt of all, with them whom I moſt love. Oh God my heart aketh, & blame it not: and my Spirit mourneth, and reprove it not: for though patience be a vertue that maketh men divine, yet there is but one Chriſt, and men are no Angels: and let me tell the truth, the miſery of my life is intolerable in the ſenſe of nature: for, compare the afflictions of the

moſt patient, with the cauſes of my paſſions, and prouide a world of pity to behold the map of my miſeries: hath one man beene wealthie and become poore? ſo am I: hath another ſuffered wrong? ſo doe I: another buried his Parents, Children, and deare friends? ſo have I: another trauelled farre in hope of gain, and returned with loſſe? ſo have I: another beene wounded in the warres, fared hard, lain in a cold bed many a bitter ſtorme, and beene at many a hard banquet? all theſe have I: another impriſoned? ſo have I: another long tim ſick? ſo have I: another plagued with an unquiet wife? ſo am I: another indebted, to his hearts griefe, and faine would pay and cannot? ſo am I: in ſum any of theſe croſſes are able to kill the heart of a kinde Spirit, and all theſe lie at once ſo heauy upon my heart, as nothing but the hand of God can remoue: beſides my continuall toile for the reward of unquietneſſe, while that which ſhould be my comfort, is my corroſiue: imagine how with all this I can liue, and think what a death it is thus to liue. Oh for the ſcorn of the proud, the abuſe of the ungracious, the ſcoffe of the foolish, and the ſcanning of the unkind: the company of the diſcontentiue, and the want of the moſt affected: the diſgrace of learning, the loſſe of time, and the miſery of want, if there be a hell on earth, it cannot be far from this caue of my diſcomfort: where I am ſure, the deuill, ſeeing my deſire to ſerue God, layeth all his barres he can in the way for my diſcomfort: but I deſie him, and hope in Chriſt that my liuing and louing God, who hath tryed my ſoule in aduerſities, will one day in his mercy ſo look upon me, that the deuill ſhall be driuen back from his purpoſe, and the tears of my body wiped away, I ſhall reioyce in ſuch a ioy, as, all my griefs clean forgotten, my heart and ſoule ſhall in the ioy of my ſenſe, in the heauenly harmony of a holy hymne, ſing a new ſong of praiſe to the glory of my Sauiour: for the haſtening whereof in my deliuerance from my torments, and comforts in his mercies, I will frame daily my prayers, and be aſſured of thy Amen: but I feare I am too tedious, and therefore will thus end: God continue my patience but not my ſorrowes: giue me deliuerance from my miſeries, and make me thankfull for his bleſſings, and bleſſe thee with as much happineſſe as thou knoweſt I want, ſo leauing my hopes to his mercies, and us both to his tuition: I reſt with as little reſt as I think any man can reſt,

Thine or not mine own, N. B.

To

To his fair Miſtres and hearts honour,
Miſtreſſe A. T.

LAdy, I have been ſo ill a Scholar to love, that I never yet learned the courting of beauty, nor would I willingly uſe Art to abuſe vertue, and therefore if plain truth may finde favour, I will uſe no Atturney in this cauſe: which being to be judged in your kindeneſſe, I will onely cry audience, and ſtand to your abitrement: my caſe being mine owne Lawyer, thus I plead: Your eies have ſtolne my heart, now I muſt either be accellary to mine owne hurt, or accuſe you of the Felony: but rather willing to loſe my heart in your eies, then keep them to look on other light, I will onely appeale to your ſelfe what to doe in this paſſion: If I love, you muſt know it, for your eies have my heart: and if I loſe my heart, you muſt have it, for your eies are well worthy of it: but now you have it, preſerve it for your ſervice: let it not die in diſpleaſure that hath no life but in your love: if it could ſpeake, it would tell you how dearely, highly, and onely it honors you, and if you will beleeve it, you ſhall quickly find it: for it is dedicated to your ſervice, and hath no care but of your favour: keep it then to your uſe, uſe it to your pleaſure, and let it die in no other comfort. In ſumme, not to dwell upon ceremonies: it is nothing mine, but all yours: and if it may live in your eies, it ſeeks no other heaven in this world: drive it not then from you, that hath no life but in you: and take it wholly to you, that is as nothing without you: ſo leaving it, with my ſelfe, to the honour of your onely ſervice, I take my leave for this time: but will reſt ever,

Yours avowed and devoted, R. S.

To his very good friend, Maſter W. B. for the borrowing of 40. pounds for ſix Months.

SIR, I know you love no long Letters, and my ſute being to moſt men ſo unpleaſing, I would be loth to be tedious: I have purchaſed a peece of Land, and laid out all my mony: now upon the ſudden an unexpected occaſion puts me to an extraordinary charge, for the furniſhing whereof, I am conſtrained to try my good friends: among which preſuming of your kinde promiſe upon any urgent occaſion to ſtand me inſtead: I am to intreat you by this bearer to helpe me to forty pounds, wherein you ſhall ſo much pleaſure me, as ſo much may doe, and as I can requite it, I will not forget it: I would have it for ſix

months, my day I will not break, I will take it kindly, and deserve it thankfully: my Servant is trusty, and therefore I pray you send it by him: and as you will be assured of my love, feed me not with delaies or excuse, for I know you have it, and you know I will pay. Thus loth to use you like a Broker, to send you a pawne: as an honest neighbour let me be beholding to your kindnes, in which you shall give me cause in the like, or a greater matter to rest upon, at as short a warning.

Your assured friend to use, R.H.

To the Right Worshipfull my very good Master, Sir *Thomas Ward* Knight, at his house in *Padow*.

SIR, after my humble duty: I have talked with divers of those parties to whom you directed me, touching the benefit to be made of the suite which you have in hand, whose opinions, I finde divers: yet all agree in this, that if you can procure it irrevocable, the money will be adventured: otherwise, they are loth to ingage their states and credits too far upon bare hopes, for lives are uncertaine, and in the change of times, divers things fall out contrary to expectation: you shall therefore doe well, before you trouble any of them in it, to make sure of the matter, in such sort as may be best for your profit, for the suite being effected to good purpose, leave me to deal in it to your content: there is much muttering that you are like to be crossed in it, I would therefore with you to try your strength in it, and not to slip time, for it is precious in a good course: bear with me I beseech you, if I move your patience, in urging your speed, for it is for your own good. Against your comming to Town, I will have somewhat else for you to set on foot, for he that will work must not have the fire without an iron: but knowing your busines, I will forbear at this time to trouble you with idle newes: and onely praying for your health and hearts ease, commit the consideration of your owne causes to the managing of your good discretion, and so humbly take my leave for this time, and rest alwaies.

Your worships humble servant, I.T.

To

To my assured loving friend T. B. with speed, for mony lent, to restore back.

NOne-paiment of debts, is not onely a crack in credit, but a losse of Friends: upon your letter I furnisht your want, and fortune having been your friend, a large conscience, wee thinketh, doth not well: your excuse yet I know not, nor can well devise it: but acquaint me with it, that I may not wrong your disposition, for a setled affection expected the like measure in kindenesse: the monie you had of me is not much, but if it had done you a pleasure I am glad of it: and if you can well spare it, by this bearer I pray you return it, or the cause why you detaine it: I have lately bought sheep to store a Pasture that I have to farme, and my money being short, I am bold to write to you for mine owne, which if it come shall be welcome, if not, so that I know how it may stead you, I will forbeare: and for the conference betwixt your Son and my Daughter, I thinke they are more ready for us then we for them: your minde I know, and am contented with it: for as I see their proceedings, we will soon fall upon agreement: and to be plaine with you, I thinke I were best rather to provide you more monie, then demand any more that you have: and therefore making your excuse in this only point of affection, intreating pardon for my plaine manner of writting, assuring you, that if this matter goe forward, (as it is no other like) as their loves, so shall our purses be one: And thus hoping of your health as mine owne, with commendations to your kinde Son, your selfe, and your good Shrew, I commit you to the Almighty, Canterbury, this fourth of August, 1645.

Your very loving friend, N. T.

To a Judge in the behalfe of an offender.

MY good Lord, your honorable care of justice I hope, is seasoned with the charitable weight of mercy, for though the law cutteth off offence by sharpe punishment, yet death takes away repentance, and where there is sorrow there is signe of grace, the best judge of true justice, Christ Jesus, pardoned the great sinner, with the gentle rebuke of, Sinne no more, called her to great grace: now shal Justice upon the first fact, use another course upon an offender? I know it is your Oath to doe all manner of Justice, yet may you give time of repentance

repentance in repꝛieving this pooꝛ man, whoſe pardon will be eaſily attained. Your honoꝛ ſhal do a good deed: God, in imitating his courſe in juſtice, will ſurely regard and reward you: the penitent Offender ſhall be bound ever to pꝛay foꝛ you, my ſelfe with all his friends, will truly honour you: and no doubt but our King, who is full of mercie, when his Majeſty ſhal hear of it, will commend you: beſeeching therefoꝛe your Honour to ſtay the ſentence of death untill the next Aſſiſe, oꝛ grant him a repꝛieve til the ſaid time: leaving the pooꝛe mans life to a woꝛd of your mouth, with my humble and bounden ſervice to your good health, and all other happineſſe. I humbly take my leave.

Your Honours in all humbleneſſe, D, H.

A Letter of Complement: To my very good friend Maſter H.W. at his houſe in *Arthingworth*.

SIR, if I could have let paſſe ſo fit a Meſſenger without ſome thankfull remembꝛance, I were unwoꝛthy of ſo good a friend: but your kindneſſe being ſuch as will ever woꝛk in a good mind, I pꝛay you let me ſalute you with this little token of my love: The Rundlet is of ſuch Sack, as Briſtoll hath no better, & the Sugar-loafe foꝛ your Ladie, I aſſure you is right Barbarie, which at this time is here of ſome pꝛice, but upon the ceaſing of the troubles there, I hope we ſhal have it cheap here: in the mean time howſoever it bee, what you need command in that oꝛ what elſe may be in my power to accompliſh: and ſo wiſhing I were with you at the killing of one of your fat Buckes, with my hearty commendations to your ſelfe and your good-Bedfellow, and many thanks to you both foꝛ my great good cheere, and moſt kinde entertainment, hoping to ſee you at my houſe at your comming to town, where you ſhall make your owne welcome, I commit you to the Almightie: London the 11. of Julie.

Your very loving and aſſured friend, C. R.

To his aſſured friend, Maſter *Thomas Riſe*, at his houſe in the Strand, intreating his help in diſpatch of buſineſſe.

AGainſt this time of my attendance upon the Judge of this Circuit, I ſhal have occaſion to uſe many things, whereof I am now unfurniſhed: your skil in chuſing the beſt, and knowing the pꝛices, I know long ſince by your kindneſſe in the like trouble: and therefoꝛe I entreat

entreat you once more to take a little paines, with this Bearer my Servant, in helping him in the laying out of his monie, upon such parcels, as in my note for my use I have set downe: your travell or kindnesse shall not be unthankfully forgotten, and wherein I may in this Country, or else-where pleasure you, you shall not faile of my best means. If you have any newes, I pray you acquaint me with them, and if the ship be come from the Indies, what good successe they have had: but some earnest businesse makes me briefer then I otherwise would be, and therefore hoping of your health, and not doubting of your kindnesse, with hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almightie. Salop this twelfth of June, 1645,

Your assured friend, T. M.

To his very good friend, R. M. concerning the purchase of certaine Lands

SIr, where you wrote unto me, touching the sale of your Lordship of Bar, I cannot answer you for two causes: the one, the price is too high: the other, your haste of monie is too great: for touching your price. the Land you know is much impared since the death of your Father, the Woods are low and very backward, by cutting it afore their full growth, and your Trees are so wasted, that there is scarce a piece of timber worth the felling: your Poore is shrewdly spoiled for want of draining, and your Pastures are so over-growne with Bushes, that it will aske great cost in stubbing, before it be brought to any good passe: yet notwithstanding, for that wee have been upon speech for it, and that you seeme willing to deale with me, if you will pitch a reasonable price, your monie shall not be long deferred: I pray you therefore, if I may have it as I told you, if it be a hundred pounds more, I care not, but further indeed I will not goe a pennie: let me know your mind by this Bearer out of hand, for I am offered (I thinke) a better bargaine: but for my words sake, and the rather to be your neighbour, that we may now and then have a game or two at Bowles. Hoping for your good health and your Bed-fellowes, I commit you to the Almightie: from my house, this 13. of June, 1645.

Your very loving friend, E. R.

A Letter to a proud Miſtreſſe.

HOw beauty will make a Foole proud, I would your plaiſter-worke did not witneſſe: but had you wit to helpe wickedneſſe, you would put a Parrat out of countenance: your countenance is made after your conceit, as full of merry tricks as a Monkey: and for your foot-pace, I thinke you have ſore heeles, you walke ſo nicely, as upon egge-ſhels: your haire is none of your owne, and for your ſteeple tire, it is like the gaud of a Maid-Marion, ſo that had you a foole by the hand, you might walke where you would in a Morris-dance: Oh fine come to it, how it fiddles like a Hackny that would tire at halfe a mile. Well your Tobacco breath with your toothleſſe Chaps, will be ſhortly ſuch bad ware, that you will ſtand in the Market, and no man bid a penny for you: but what doe I meane to ſpoile Paper with ſuch matter? and therefore I will abruptly end: waſh your feet, ſcoure your hands, put on a cleane ſmocke, get you to your prayers, repent your wickednelle, and mourn to death for your ſoules ſake, for your Carkaſſe is not worth the carrying to the earth: and ſo hoping that in a good humour you will do ſomewhat better then hang your ſelfe, I leave you to this miſ-hap that finds you for the moſt filthy creature on the earth, till you be never more ſeen in the world.

Your poore friend at a pinch, B. T

The anſwer of a witty but railing wench.

BEtwixt a railing Knave and a Raſcall, what is the difference? And from a nittie Rogue what can bee lookt for but a Lowſe: Oh devill incarnate, who ever knew ſuch a villaine? Your haire I will not meddle with for feare of a fall: but I wonder the Jewellers doe not deale with you for a face: where a Pinne can ſcarce ſtand betwixt a Pearle and a Rubie: Oh the French rheume bids you keepe out of the winde, for feare your leavell ſtakes ſcarce hold up a rotten carcaſſe: now in ſtead of a Morris dance, you know the hey up Holborne: where the Hang-man at the gallowes ſtaies to learne you a new turne: but thou wretched worme, unworthy the name of a man, get thee to thy knees, aske forgiveneſſe of all the world, make thy confeſſion in the Cart, and commend thy ſoule to the Lord, for thy fleſh the Dogs will not meddle with: and ſo in haſt, hopeing my letter may come to thee before the laſt caſt, I end in haſt.

Thy charitable friend B. C.

A Letter of challenge to a young Swaggerer.

SIrra, your ſwaggering is ſo fooliſh, that the children laugh at you where you goe: and for your valour, if your Feather be away, your ſword will doe no hurt: your toſſing of pots feare none but flies, and for your brave words they are nothing but winde. But leſt I doe you ſome pleaſure in telling you of your faults, let it ſuffice to make an end of all matters: to morrow in the morning you ſhall have me by eight of the clock, in the field beyond your Lodging, neere unto the Poole: where if you dare come alone, you ſhall finde me without company, ready to doe more then I will ſpeak: till when expecting no other anſwer then your ſelfe, I reſt,

Your avowed enemy, I. T.

A dogged anſwer.

DOe you imagine me a Philiſtian, that you begin to play Goliah in a Letter? I aſſure you, if your deeds be like your words, my Feather will not abide your windy words: but for my Sword, it hath no point, and therefore cares not a point for you: if you be not drunke, I muſe what madneſſe doth poſſeſſe you: but the beſt is, I hope now you have ſpoken, you have done: for I will be there where you appoint, but I doubt you will not performe: but as you tell mee of my faults, I hope to whip you for yours: and ſorry to have loſt ſo much time about idleneſſe, I end,

Yours as I have reaſon, F. R.

To my very good Couſin Maſter I. D. at his houſe in *Swands*.

COuſin, I underſtand, you are determined to put your younger Sonne Apprentice to a Merchant: beleeve me I highly commend your reſolution herein: for I that have travelled farre, and ſeen much, can ſpeake ſomewhat of them, and their noble Profeſſion: I could well give it a higher title; for a right Merchant is a royall fellow, he is deſirous to ſee much, to travell much, and ſometime to gaine a little doth adventure much, though ſometime for a little adventure he doth gaine much: but what are the ſundry natures of perils, as well at Sea as at Land: as well of his goods as his perſon, none knoweth but himſelfe, or like himſelfe: but having travelled farre, and finiſhed his voyage, after his ſafe returne, having given

God thankes, note what is the course of his life, to observe a comely order in the City, and enrich many poore men by the retailing of his goods, who sit at ease and sell in their Shops, that which he with great toile and danger fetched out of farre Countries. Now say his gaine be great, let it be answered in the desert of his travell: shall a faire or a fine Horse brought out of Barbarie, bee here finelie kept, well fed, and neatly dressed, and richly attired: and shall not a Merchant that hath travelled many miles beyond Barbarie, be thought worthie of a fine house, good Land, daintie fare, and an honourable Title, for the resolution of his Adventure, and the toile of his travel? shall a Lute or a Citterne, brought out of Italy, be put in a case of Velvet, and laced with Gold, for well sounding? and shall not a Merchant that fetcht that Lute, and went farre further then that Countrie for better Commodities, be thought worthie of his gaine, and honoured for his minde: shall the Lawyer sell breath at a high rate? and shall the Merchant be grudged the price of his Wares? what shall I say? who upholds the state of a Citie? or the Honour of a State under the King, but the Merchant? who beautifieth a Court with Jewels and outward Ornaments? but the travel of a Merchant? who beautifies the Gardens with sundry sorts of Fruits and Flowers, but the travelling Merchant: he may well be called the Merchant, the Sea-singer, or the maker of the Sea to sing: the Sea-singer, when he hath faire wind, and good weather: and maketh the Sea to sing, when she sees the goodlie bonses that float upon her Waves, and cast Anchor in her Sands. But let me leave the Sea, and come to the Land: consider of the sweet and civill manner of their lives: whose houses more neate? whose wives more modest? whose apparell more comely, whose diets more daintie? and whose cariage more commendable? valiant without quarrels, merrie without madnesse, bountifull in their gifts, and verie neat and choise in their Banquets? whose children are better nurtured? whose servants better governed? whose house better stuffed and maintained? Furthermore, what comfort have the distressed found beyond the Seas? and how manie poore do they relieve at home? what Colledges? what Hospitals? what Alms-houses have they builded? and in effect, what Cities have they enlarged, and what Countries have they enriched? how few Lawyers can say so? if that be all true, which much more might be said in their honour, give them their right: I say the Merchant

is

is a Royall fellow, and goe forwards with your intent: if you will ever have your Sonne see any thing, know any thing, doe any thing, or be worth any thing, put him to a Merchant: and give with him such a portion as out of his yeares, may set up his trade or traffick, doubt not he will doe well, and thinke not he can almost doe better: so beseeching God to blesse him in all his courses, without which hee will be worse then nothing, I pray you doe as I wish you, charge him to serve God, and so turne him to the World: and thus having truly written you my opinion touching my purpose, wishing health, and honour, and all happinesse, to all worthy true Merchants, in hope of your health, I commit you to the Almighty. Arthingworth, this 20. of August, 1645.

Your very loving Cousin, N.B.

To his dearest, fairest, and worthiest of love, honour, and service, Mistresse E. E.

IF I should commend you (fairest of women) above the Moone, and compare you with the Sunne, you would put me in the clouds for a flatterer: but knowing your owne worth, and finding the substance of my truth, you cannot blame me, in admiration to speake truth of your perfection, which of what power it is in drawing the service of reason, if you would beleeve, love would quickly tell you: but the cause of inconstancie in the unwise, breedeth distrust of truth in the most faithfull: but all Birds are not of one Feather, nor all men of one minde. In briefe, not to make a long harvest of a little Corne: which being ripe, would be gathered in good time: let truth be my spokes-man, and beleefe my comfort: the hope whereof, as my onely worlds happinesse, referring onely to the care of your kindnesse in the faith of true affection, I rest,

Yours avowed and assured, R.N.

A Letter to a Friend to borrow a piece of Money.

SIR, as nothing more trieth a friend then calamitie, so is there nothing more grievous, then to be beholding: in kindnesthereofre

If I may become your debter for five pounds, it is not much, yet will it pleasure me more then a little: your appointed day, I will not breake with you, and wherein I may thankfully requite you, you shall find no forgetfulnesse of your kindnesse: but time is precious, and therefore entreating your speedy answer, in hope of no denial I rest,

Your assured friend to command, T.W.

The Answer.

I Would be as glad to pleasure you as any man, but truth cannot be blamed, for with more then for my necessary use, that I cannot spare, I am not presently furnished: I pray you therefore take not a denial unkindly: for if my credit will pleasure you, I will not faile my best to doe you good: if otherwise you would urge me, it will be to little purpose: and therefore sorrie that I am not in tune to satisfie your expectation, I must leave patience to your kinde discretion, which as you know me, shall command me, for I am and will be, to the uttermost of my power,

Your assured friend, D. S.

A Letter of good counsell to his Mistris H. C, at her house in pe. *Chest.*

My good Cousin, I remember at my last being with you, we had some conference about consideration: beleeve me, when I consider the world, and what I have seen in it, and the best things of it, and that all in effect, is as nothing, or rather worse, if any thing at all, I wonder how men, who have so much judgement of good from evill, how can those men that know the uncertaine time of death, live as though they thought never to dye? how can he that readeth or heareth the Word of God, and beleeveth the truth of it, be so careleſse of it, and so disobedient to it? Will men be sick, that may be whole? or die, that may live? what shall I say? but as Paul said to the Corinthians, O yee foolish people, who hath bewitched you? It is the word of God, that transgression is as the sinne of witchcraft: and surely, if men were not bewitched with sinne, they could not so delight in wickednesse, being the crosse and barre to all their happinesse, could the Thiefe consider the doome of the Law, or the miserie of the despoiled, surely he would not steale: if the Adulterer did consider the filthinesse

filthineſſe of his action, and the ſhame of his follie, ſurely hee would turne honeſt: if the murtherer did conſider the horror of death, and the terror of ſin, he would never kill: In briefe, if any ſinner would looke into the foule nature of ſinne, he would bee out of love with it: & if he did conſider the power of Gods wrath, he would be afraid of it: May, could, or would man conſider the goodneſſe of God towards him, in commanding and forbidding nothing, but that which is good for him, how could he be ſo forgetfull of his owne good, in offending the Author of all goodneſſe? If the unthrift could conſider the miſery of want, ſurely he would not be careleſſe of his eſtate: if the covetous could conſider the miſery of the poore, he would be more charitable: if the Swaggerer could conſider the comelineſſe of ſobriety, and the ſhame of immodeſty, ſurely he would be more civill: If the Magiſtrate did conſider the miſery of the poore, hee would not be ſo careleſſe of their torment, and put them to ſuch ſorrow, but remember, that juſtice without mercie, is too neere a touch of tyrannie. If the offendant did conſider the griefe and ſhame of puniſhment, he would containe himſelfe within the compaſſe of a better courſe. If he that preacheth the Word, and followeth it not, could conſider the heavineſſe of Gods judgements and the ſhame of his folly, he would doubtleſſe be more carefull of his ſoule, and more kinde to his flock. If the Lawyer could conſider the Law of God, he would never grieve his Client, nor ſpeake againſt a knowne truth: but as I ſaid before, to leave tediouſneſſe, it is the onely lacke of conſideration, that maketh the heedleſſe will of man to runne the way of errour, to the ruine of his beſt comfort: and therefore I entreat you, notwithſtanding my allowance of your judgement touching the heavenly providence, and power in the motion of all good actions: yet ſo to allow of my opinion touching want of conſideration, that it is one of the greateſt cauſes of the confuſion of reaſon, by the corruption of Nature: and knowing that the care of your conſideration is ſuch as doth and may wel give example to moſt expert men to follow the rules of your directions in the whole courſe of life, wiſhing my ſelfe ſo happy, as to enjoy the company of ſo good a friend, till I ſee you, and ever, I reſt in faſt ſetled affection,

Your very loving friend, N. V.

To

To my sweet Love, Mistris E. P.

SWeet Love, if absence could breed forgetfulnesse, then fortune should doe much harme to affection, but when the eye of the mind looketh into the joy of the Heart, the sentence may well be spoken. As in silence you may heare me, so in absence you may see me: for love is not an houres humour, nor a shadow of light, but it is a light of the spirit, and a continuing passion: thinke not therefore I doe or can forget thee, or love my selfe but for thee: shortly I hope to see thee, and in the meane time though not with thee, yet not from thee, nor will be at rest with my selfe, till I may rest onely with thee, I rest alwaies to rest,

Thine onely and all, F. W.

Her Answer.

MY deare, if delaies were not a death to love, excuse were currant in the construction of Kindnesse, but sentences are better spoken then understood, and a pleasing presence is better then an excused absence: remembrance is good, but possession better, and love holdeth memorie but a kinde of melancholy. Let your selfe therefore be the messenger rather of your love then your Letters lest Fortune in a mad fit be crosse to your best comfort, not in respect of my constancy, but my Parents unkindnesse. This is all I will write at this time, but wishing a happy time to the beginning of a never ending, I rest till that time, and at all times, one and the same,

Yours as you know, E. P.

An old mans Letter to a young Widow.

VVIdow, I have neither a smooth Face, nor a filed Tongue to cheat your eyes, nor abuse your eares withall: but a true heart and a constant minde that doth inwardly love you, and will never deceive you: fickle heads and unbridled wills know not where or how to bestow themselves, when their wits goe a woolgathering among shrewes that have had fleeces, they may bee kinde, but not constant, and Love loves no out lookers: besides, light heads have no staied heeles, and a little wealth is soon spent: who knoweth the woe of want, can tell you the difference betwixt an old mans Darling, and a young mans Warling: Why how can they love that scarce know how to like? I know you have many Suters of worth, but

but none that I thinke more worthy then my selfe: for none can love you so much, nor esteeme you so well: for I have knowne the World, and care not for it, nor for any thing but you: If therefore all I have may please you, and my selfe, to love and honour you, make my comfort your contentment, and I will seeke no other paradise in this world. Thus hoping that reason in your favour, will effect the hope of my affection, leaving you to your selfe, to be your selfe, I rest,

Yours or not his own, T.P.

Her Answer.

SIr, I could never see you but in a letter: I should delight much in your presence but contraries are not correspondent: a gray head and greene minde fit not, your perswasions were forcible, were not your selfe of too much weaknesse: but though for your good will, I thanke you, yet for nothing will I be indebted to you, no, not for a world would I be troubled with you: for as our yeares, so I feare our fancies will be different: and the patience moving choller, may breede anger, when to be an old mans Darling, is a kinde of curse to nature: you say well, who can love, that knowes not how to like? when the senses are uncapable of their comfort, what is imagination but a Dreame? a blinde man can judge no colour, a deafe man hath no skill in Musick, a dumbe man no eloquence, and an old man little feeling in Loves passion: for my Sutors, they sute my time, & serve their owne: and for their worth, I shall judge of the most worthie: now for their wits, if they lose not their owne fleeces, let them gather Wooll where they can: but for your love, I will not venture on it, lest being too old, it be not sweet, and for my young Sutors, I hope I shall take heed of shadowed sowrenesse: as for Fortune while Vertue governes affection, I will not feare my felicity: so hoping your owne reason will perswade you to have patience with your passion, and leave me to my better comfort, meaning to be as you wish me, my selfe, and none other, I rest,

Not yours, if mine owne, P.M.

A Letter of a young man to his ſweet-heart.

My Loue, if I could haue as good paſſage as my Letters, I would be a better Meſſenger of my thoughts, then my words can expreſſe; but as the ſecret of my heart is ſealed up in my Letter, ſo is the ſecret of my Loue ſealed vp in my heart, which none can ſee but your eyes, nor ſhall know but your kindneſſe, let me not then languiſh in the lingring hope of my deſires, but haſten my comfort in the only anſwer of your content: you know the houre of the firſt meeting of our fantaſies, the true continuance of our irremoueable affections, and why will you not appoint the concluſion of our comfort. Triall cannot let you doubt my loue, and Loue will be ſworne for the ſecurity of my truth, both which thus far pleading for me in your fauour giue Truth the reward of triall, and Loue the regard of truth and deferre not the ſentence of Juſtice, to let me liue or dye in your iudgement: for impriſoned I am in your beauty, bound in the bands of your ſeruice, and liue but in the hope of your fauour, in which I reſt euer and onely to reſt happy in this World,

Yours though not yours R. E

An anſwer to his loue.

My Sweet, I rather wiſh your ſelfe, then your Letter, though in the haſt of your deſire, your preſence had been to little purpoſe: for Deeds are in good way, that are ſubſcribed and ſealed: but till the delibery be made, the matter is not fully finiſhed: haue therefore patience for a time, for it is ſoon enough, that is well enough and yet I confeſſe in kindneſſe, delay is little comfort: yet ſtay for a faire day, though it bee almoſt at noone, bee perſwaded of my affection, and let faith feare no fortune, for loue can bee no Changeling, and ſo imagine of my ſelfe: when you offend, I will puniſh you: and when you doe pleaſe, I will praiſe you: ſo aſſuring truth beliefe, and loue comfort I reſt ſo ſoone as I well may, to giue the reaſon of your beſt reſt, and till then, and euer will reſt,

Yours as I may, M I

A merry letter of news to a freind

RIght trojan, I know thou lovest no complement, nor carest for any trickes, but as good-fellow and a friend, wouldest heare how the World goeth: all the World I am not acquainted with, and therefore I know not what to say to it, but for the little part of it the petty place, or Parish where I dwell and some few miles about it, I will tell you there is a fall of Conneys for there is such a World of them every day in the Market, that except they bee young and fat, there is little money bidden for them: Hackney jades are scarce worth their meat, and every house hath such a dogge, that not a begger dare come neere the doore, and not a Mouse at a cheese, but a Cat is at her heeles: Maid Marrian of late was got with child in her sleepe, and the Hobby horse was halfe mad, that the Foole should be the Father of it: a great talke there is of setting up of a new Taverne, but Tobacco is the thing that will vent the old Sack: there is spoken somuch gibberish, that wee have almost forgot our Mother Tongue, for every Boy in our schoole, hath Latine at his fingers end marrie it is in a booke, for all his wit is in his Copie for in capite hee hath little. Our free schoole is new painted with wisedome over the gate for within, except some unhappy Wag, there is no more wit then is necessary. Now for other newes I will tell you, wet weather frights us with a hard harvest, and Usurers are halfe mad for lack of utterance of their money: Law was never more in use, nor men more out of money: and for women, they are strange Creatures, for some of them have three faces, and so fine in proud paces, that if they carry it as they doe, they will put many men out of Countenance: for other ordinary matters, they are as you left them a pot of Ale is worth a penny, a Bawd will have brave Clothes, the Man in the Moone is above the Clouds, and the knave of Clubes will still make one in the stocke. Other things there are that I am shortly to acquaint you with: in the meane time write unto mee how thou doest, and how the wind blowes on your side, and so sorry I have no good thing to send thee, with the love of my heart, I commit thee to the Almighty.

Thine to the end. R B.

An Answer.

THou mad Villaine, what hath walkt about thy braines, to put thy wit in such a temper: a tale of a Tub, and the bottome out: well, to quite your kindnesse, you shall know somewhat of our world. So it is, that the Fox hath made a hand with most of our fat Geese: the Woolfe meets with our Lambes, before they can well goe from the Dam, and the Water-rat hath so spoiled our Fish-pooles, that if he had not been caught with a Trappe, we might have gone to Sea for a red Herring. Our Bailiffes Bull runs thorow all the Rie in our parish, and the Tanners Dog hath worried a wild Sow. The Bailiffe of our hundred takes upon him like a Justice, and since the new Ale-house was set up, the Constable is much troubled: but though Oates be ranke, and Rie be ripe, Wheate is but thinne, and Barly short: good fellowship goes down the winde, and yet wenches are right bred: our Piper is fallen sicke of an Ale-surfet, and old Huddle got a blow at midnight, that makes him straddle all day. Parnel shall have her sweet heart in spight of Tom Tinker, and there is wondring in the Towne that thou art not in the Gaole before the Sessions: but be thou of good cheere, there is time enough for a good turne, and come when thou wilt, thou shalt make thine owne welcome. Oh mad slave, let mee bee merry with thee a little, for thou knowest I love thee: thy Grandsire is going to his grave, and hath bequeathed thee a knaves portion: the Bell hath gone for him: but so soon as he is past, I will send thee word in Post, that for griefe of his death thou mayest drinke to all Christian soules: thy Sister is where she was, and sweares thou art honester then thy Father. I will say no more, but thou hast Friends that thou knowest not, and therefore come when thou wilt, wee will have a health ere we part: and so in haste farewell.

Thine to the proofe, R. S.

To

To a young man going to travell beyond the Sea.

GOod Cousin, I finde by your last Letter your present intent to travell, I pray God it may fall out for your good: for though in respect of your yeares, your bodie be in good state to endure some hardnesse, yet there is difference in the natures of Countries, both in the Ayre and Diet; but above these things, there are many things to be observed, that negligently regarded, may be greatly to your hurt: as first, for your religion, have a great care, that your eies lead not your heart after the horror of Idolatry serve God sincerely, not fondlie, not in shew, but in truth of zeale, and for all your comfort in all your course, that you trust in him, and none else: Secondly, for your carkasse, take heed of too much following the feminine sere, and pray for continencie, it is a blessed vertue. I speake not this for the common sort, for I hope your spirit is too high to stoope to such game, but for the Syrens, whose faces are bewitching objects, and whose voyces are inchanting Musique, if these be in the way of your Eare, or your Eye, hast you from them, lest too late you fine it too true, that you will hardly scape drowning, when you are over head and eares: such weeds will hang about your heels as will so hinder your swimming, that you will hardly overcome it in health, if you hap to scape with your life: furthermore, if you meet with some chast Penelope, whose beauty walks even with vertue, let not a chaste eye in her beget an unchast thought in you: I speake not this in feare of any thing but your youth, yet though I know you well disposed in many wayes, I doubt you are not right in all: and this being a thing that I know most necessary, I thought in my love to give you a note of: now for your purse, let it be private to your owne knowledge, lest it be an occasion of your unhappines and breed you more partakers then for profit: now for your tongue, let it follow your wit, and tip it with truth, that it may abide all touch: and for your Diet, let it be sparing, for better leave with an appetite, then goe to Physicke for a Surfet: now for your conversation, chuse the Wise, and rather heare them, then trouble them, and against all Fortunes take patience in your passage: so serving God, and observing the world, no doubt but you shall make a benefit of your voyage and I will be joyfull of your returne: and thus loth to tyre you with a long Tale, when I

know in alittle you will understand much: in prayer for your good ſuckceſſe and ſafe returne, I commit you to the almightie.
Arthingworth 24, of Iuly 1645.

Your affectionate Kinſman
I.M.

To his friend G.T. in his time of ſickneſſe, and ſorrow for a great misfortune.

Deare George knowing the cauſe though not the condition of thy ſickneſſe, I am bold a little to aduiſe thee for the better recouery of thy health: Thou knoweſt (deare friend) that there is no thing palleth neither vnder nor above the heavens, but either by the direction or permiſſion of the wiſdome of the Almighty: there is no Day but hath his Night, no Element but hath his contrary, nor comfort on the earth without a croſſe: thou art ſorry to ſee the crueltie of Fortune, but turne thine eyes to a better light, and thou ſhalt ſee it a triall of Gods loue: for if nature be acurſed for ſin, thou muſt finde it in this world or another, and the ſecond death is worſe then the firſt. If ſickneſſe make thee feele Gods hand, ſhall not patience make thee try his mercy? and health make thee know his loue? If loſſes make thee poore, wert thou not better with patience be Gods begger, then in pride the worlds King? grieue not then at thy fortune but liue by thy faith: be rather a Iob then a Saul, for there is no ſpurning againſt ſo ſharpe a prick as Gods purpoſe: I am ſorrie for thy ſickneſſe, but more for the cauſe: for to mourn to no end is meere folly: and a pining ſickneſſe is a ſigne of more paſſion then patience: Chriſt ſuffered for thee, ſuffer thou for thy ſelfe, lay away thy to much melancholly, for ſighing is womaniſh, and weeping is babiſh: be wiſe therefore for thy ſelfe, and bee good to thy ſelfe, plucke vp thy ſpirits, and put thy ſelfe onely vpon God, liue not like a dead man, but by like a liuing man: let not fortune bee a meſſenger of death nor impatience a prejudice to thy health, take thy horſe and ride ouer to mee: and take the time as it fals, if fayre, the fewer clothes: if foule take a Cloake, but deferre not the time, for thought

perceiu

peirceth apace: and for the minde, there is no Phyſicke but patience and mirth: bring the firſt with thee, and the laſt I will prouide for thee: till when, wiſhing thee out of thy ſolemne Cell, and to take my houſe for thy better comfort, till I ſee thee, and alwaies I reſt,

Thine in all mine own, D.R

An anſwer to the ſame.

HOw eaſily the healthfull can giue counſell to the ſicke and how hardly they can take it, I would I were not in caſe to proove: but I ſee patience needs not to be perſwaded, for where paine is, thee will be entertained. I know there is no reſiſting of Gods power, nor muttering againſt it: but yet think that the fleſh and blood in many things hath much adoe to beare it, and though Fortune be a fiction, yet it troubleth many fine wits, and the triall of patience puts the beſt ſpirit to a hard point: never to haue had, is little woe to want: but to looſe, hopeleſſe of recouery, will ſting the heart of a good mind: a ſorrow is ſooner taken then put off, and death is comfortable to the afflicted: Fooles cannot take thought, and Knaues will not, but the honeſt and the carefull underſtand the plague of miſery: if death bee this way ordained me, I cannot auoid it, and if help come unlooked for, I ſhall be glad of it: but if you will take the paines to make me try the comfort of your company, my ſelfe ſhall haue ſome roome to entertaine a freind for ſuch a need: and knowinge your loue, can account no leſſe: I pray you therefore without further ceremonies, let mee ſee you very ſhortly: If I liue you ſhall know my kindneſſe, if I dye, you ſhal find my loue: ſo drawing towards a Feuors fit, I am forced thus to conclude in the ſpight of fortune: in the grace of God I will digeſt what I can, and pray for patience for the reſt: and ſo hoping ſpeedily to ſee you, till then and alwaies, I reſt,

In ſickneſſe and in health thine what mine, R. H.

A younger brother to his elder, falne unhappily on a little wealth, and ſuddenly growne fondly proud.

GOod Brother, as I am glad to heare of your health, ſo am I ſorrie to heare of your ill cariage: it is told me by them that I can beleeve, that your wealth which ſhould make you gratious, makes you in a manner odious: why, it is wonderfull, that you can ſo ſuddenly metamorphoſe your mind from wit to folly: it grieveth me to heare your deſcription of almoſt as many as know you: it is ſaid you looke over the Moone, walke as upon ſtilts, ſpeake as it were for Charitie, and with a ſwelling conceit of your wealth, make your face like one of the foure windes: in your apparell you are womaniſh, your Ruffes ſet up in print, your beard ſo ſtarched, & your countenance ſo ſet, that you are more meet for a prologue before a comedie, then to give example of civilitie: formalitie is a kinde of folly, when he that walkes upright like a Rabbit, is like a Boy that ſhould ſay Grace: they ſay you are ſeldome without a flower in your mouth. I would it were fitly perfumed for the deſert of your folly: you weare your Cloake alwayes broad, that one may ſee your ſilken inſide: and your Garters beneath your knee are ready to weep for a Roſe: all theſe notes are taken of you, and withall, that to maintaine this pride, you are ſo covetous as the Devill: for as I heare, you are both an Uſurer and a Broker, and have more cunning tricks in your trade then a honeſt heart could away withall: truly, this is not wel, for your eſtate needs it not, your edication doth not teach it: let me therefore intreat you to turne a new leafe, ſing a new ſong, be courteous, be not covetous, kinde, but not proud, and have a conſcience in all your courſes: for there muſt be an end of all our matters, and Repentance will bee the beſt paiment of your ill taken accounts: beleeve it, for you ſhall finde it at laſt, I wiſh not too late: and ſo out of the ſincere love of a true heart, that holds you as deare, as his owne life, rather deſirous to tell you what I finde amiſſe in you, then to ſooth you in what I finde grievous in you: to his Grace that may amend you, with my prayers for you, I leave you.

Your true loving Brother, R.B.

To

To a faire proud Tit.

FAire Mistresse, why should you turne that to a curse, which was giuen you for a blessing? I meane your beauty, which should haue made you gratious, but hath filled you so full of pride, that you marre your colour with an ill countenance: and when you speake, you counterfeit such a kind of lisping, that you cannot bring out a wise word: your bodies are made so straight, and your fardingale so great, that in stead of a Woman you may make an Antick of your selfe: I am plaine, but tell you the truth, I think you are best in your quilting coat: for your tricking and your tying takes away al your proportion: so that the Painter and the Taylor haue put Nature out of countenance: but since it is the fashion for Fooles to weare a Cocks combe, let them weare feathers that list, I will not blow them away, but as a good friend let me tell you, that tels you but for your good, be honest and be hanged, and let knavery go to the Deuill: stand not leering in your dooze, nor deuise lies to make Fooles, nor vse tricks to pick pockets, for in the end it will be nought, for the Poxe or the Gallowes, or the Deuill will be the reward of plaine treacherie, if in the way you scape beggery: and therefore follow my counsell: Giue over betimes before it give over you: and since I have turned my coat, turne your old gowne, and wee will joy together to goe both in a liuery, for say the word, and I am for thee: and so till I heare from thee I commend me to thee.

Thine if thou wilt, D.H.

Her answer

YOu wicked villaine, hast thou plaid the Jew so long, that thou art weary of thy selfe? and now commest to mee for a companion: soft snatch, your trick is an ace out, and of all the Cards I love not a Knave: my beauty is not for bleere eies, nor shall pretended honesty cheat my folly: hast thou had three occupations and none thriue? a Pedler, a Parasite, and a Pander? and now wouldest be a Conny-

catcher: Sir, I haue no game for your Ferret, and therefore hunt further: Now for my leeres and my lookes, and my trickes and my toyes, if they fit not your humour, I am not for you: but for the Poor, the Gallowes, and the Duell, and the Ale-house, keepe you from them, and I will keepe me from you, and if I thought I might trust thee, I could put thee in a Fooles Paradise: but if thou art not afraid of Sparrow-blasting, come home and take a birds nest: which if it be better then a Woodcock, thanke the heauens for thy good Fortune, and me for my good will, and so till I see thy liuery I leaue thee to thy selfe.

Thine if I like, M.T.

A kind sister to her loving brother.

My deare Brother as you know our loue began almost in our Cradles: so I pray you, let it continue to our graues: I haue had a bad Husband, and you no good Wife: and yet with patience we haue liued to see the strange changes of time: but wee must one day walk after our friends, and therefore in the meane time, let vs make much one of another: write vnto me how you doe in body and mind, and when I shall be so happy as to enjoy your good company: for being alone, you may be as a Husband and a Brother, to controle my seruants, and comfort my selfe: beleeue mee, I long to see you, and in the meane time to heare from you: and therefore I pray you let no messenger passe from you without some few lines of your kind loue, which are as deare as my life: this I pray you let me not faile of. And so with my hearty commendations and most kind loue, in my dayly prayers for thy health, I leaue thee to the Almighty.

Thy very loving Sister, A.N.

His

His anſwer.

SWeet ſiſter, I haue recieued your louing Letter, for which I returne you many kinde thanks: my body I thanke God, is in good health but my minde ſomewhat out of temper, for I ſee three things that doe much grieue mee, a Foole rich a wiſe man wicked, and an honeſt man poore: for the firſt either by prodigality waſts himſelfe, or like a dogge in a bench-hole hoards vp his money he knows not for whom: the ſecond turnes wit to an euill courſe, that might compaſſe better matters: and the third liues in griefe, that he cannot ſhew the vertue of his condition. But when I conſider againe that there is no Paradiſe: the Angels liue in heauen, and Hell is too neere vnto the earth: I am glad I can fall to prayer, to ſhunne the traps of the deceitfull; and ſince I cannot goe from the courſe of Fates, to take my fortune as patiently as I can. You ſay well we haue liued to ſee much and yet muſt dye when we haue ſeene all, you are rid of a trouble, and I well freed of a torment, yet are there croſſes enow to try the care of a good conſcience, in which I doubt not your wiſedome, nor ſhall you of my will: but as patience is the ſalue of miſery, ſo is loue the ioy of nature, in which, as wee are neerly linked, ſo let vs liue inſeparable: ſhortly I hope to ſee you, and til then and euer will loue you: the Lord of heauen bleſſe you, and in his mercy keepe you: ſo with my hearts loue to you, to the Lords tuition I leaue you.

Your very louing BrotherE.B

A young man to his firſt loue.

SWeet Loue, ſince firſt I viewed your faire beauty, I ſaw none like you, nor like any but you, my reaſon is drawne out of many grounds, and all in your graces. For firſt your beauty being ſuch as exceedeth my commendation, your wit too high for my reaſon to reach, and your demeanour ſo diſcreet, as driues me only to wonder:

beleeue my affection to bee vntouched with vntruth; and requite my loue with some token of your good liking: for being the first starr that hath made me study Astronomie, let me not liue in the clouds of your discomfort, lest in a mist of miserie I fall to the lowest of fortune: leauing therefore my life to your fauour, or my death to your frowne I rest restlesse, till I may rest,

Yours onely in all, T.P.

Her answer.

IF your heart were in your eyes, and your words were all truth, I should beleeue a strange tale of the great force of Fancy, but I must intreat your pardon to pause vpon my judgment of your opinion, I would I were as you write me, though I did not requite you as you wish mee: for though I would not be vnkinde, yet will I not be vncarefull. Astronomie is too high a study for my capacity, and the clouds are fittest dwellings for them that are so high minded that the earth cannot hold them: In briefe therefore build no Castles in the Ayre lest they happen to fall on your neck, distrust not your fortune where your affection is faithfull, nor put your life to loues passion, lest it try your patience too much. Howsoeuer it be, carry reason in all your courses, and your care will haue the more comfort, to which I wish you as much hope as a true heart may deserue, and so not knowing your rest, will trouble you no further, but rest as I haue reason.

Yours in good will, A.M

A Traveller beyond the Seas, to his wife in England

DEare Wife, the misery of my fortune is more than can easily be borne, and yet the most griefe is to be absent from thee, and my

my little ones: But as a Hen to her Chickens, be kind to them til I ſee thee, and pray for my ſucceſſe, as I doe for thy health: from many dangers God hath deliuered me, and I hope will after many ſtormes ſend mee a faire day to doe mee good, and a faire winde to bring mee home: in the meane time I will haue patience, and intreat thee the like, for loue ſo long ſettled I know cannot looſe his nature and therefore not doubting thy conſtancie, I commend me to thy kindneſſe: kiſſe my Babes for mee, and kindly receiue for thy ſelfe and them ſuch tokens as by this truſty Poſt I ſend thee, and them: and thus hopeing of thy health, as my hearts greateſt happineſſe in this world: in prayer for the ſame and thee and thine euermore I reſt, Amſterdam the 20. of Auguſt, 1646.

Thy deare louing Husband T.W

Her anſwer.

SWeet heart, let mee intreat thee to be as merry as thou canſt in ſpight of fortune and her fury: for if thou haſt but life to bring thee home, yet loue ſhall bid thee welcome: my prayers and thy little ones are daply for thee: wee all long to ſee thee, and thinke it long to bee ſo long without thee, but knowing thy intent for our good, we wil haue patience till thy comming, and pray for the ſpeed of it, with good ſucceſſe of thy trauell: the Poſts haſte is great, and therefore I muſt end: for thy kind Letters and tokens I thank thee: ſomewhat by this Bearer, I haue ſent thee my notes in my Letter will tell you what, with my hearts loue, which can hold nothing from you: but avoweth all I am and haue, ready for you: ſo with my babes kiſſe, and my owne, in prayer for thy health and hearts eaſe, I commit thee to the Almighty: London the 23. of September, 1646

Thy very louing Wife E.W

A Letter admonitory to his friend in love.

HOneſt Wilkin, I cannot but mourne for thee, to ſee thee in ſuch a paſſion, as I thought never to have taken thee in: I heare ſay thou art in love: is it poſſible to be true, that the ſpirit of erro ur could euer have taken ſuch poſſeſſion of thy wit, to make a Saint of an Idoll, and loſe thy ſelfe in a maze? Why? firſt the thing loue is another world than this, and hath little to doe with ſuch creatures as thou keepeſt company with: I am ſorry to heare how thou windeſt thy ſelfe into ſuch a net, that thou canſt no way get looſe: fie vpon Folly, leave thy fancy, leſt it be to late, and then no man will pitty thee: what? haue both eyes, and be ſtarke blinde? eares, and haſt heard nothing? noſe, and canſt ſmell nothing? a wit, and canſt perceiue nothing? and a heart that can feele nothing, to put thee from this new nothing which thou haſt met with, called Loue? Why, let mee tell thee what it is, ſimply I cannot tell thee: but what are the qualities of it, as I haue heard and read of it, I will deliuer thee. It will Cuckold age, and befoole youth, betray beauty, and waſt wealth: diſhonor vertue, and worke villany: this kind of loue I meane, that makes thee dance Trenchmore without a Pipe, it will not let one ſleepe, nor eat, nor drinke, nor ſtand, nor ſit in quiet: it will teach a Foole to flatter, a Knaue to lie, a Wench to dance, and a Scholler to be a Poet, before he can hit the way of a kind Verſe. It will make a Souldier lazie, a Courtier wanton, a Lawyer idle, a Merchant poore, a poore man a begger: it will make a wiſeman a foole, and a foole quite out of his wits: it will make a man womaniſh and a woman apiſh: to be ſhort, there is ſo much ill to bee ſaid of it that he is happy that hath not to doe with it. If therefore thou bee not to farre gone, come back againe. If thou canſt leave thy ſtudy, lay away the Booke, and thinke of other matters than the mouth of Venus, leſt Mars be angry, or Vulcan play the Villaine, when Cupid ſhall be whipt for ſhooting away of his arrowes. In fine, giue ouer thy humour, for it is no better then a fancy: and liue with me but a day, and thou wilt be in hate with it all night: for the deſire is fleſhly, and the delight is filthy: the ſuit is coſtly, and the fruit of it but folly: Leaue beauty to the Painter to helpe him in his Art: wit to the Scholler, to helpe the weakneſſe of his memory: and

wealth

wealth to the Merchant to increase his stocke: cases to the Lawyer to helpe his pleading: Honour to the Souldier to put forth his valour: and so let thy Mistresse be divided among them, and when they are all together by the eares come thou away to mee, and liue with me, and credit me, thou wilt in the end thanke me for dealing thus truly and plainly with thee: In the meane time let me heare from thee what I shall hope of thee: for as thou knowest I love thee, from my love I have written to thee, what I know is good for thee, and what I wish may doe good with thee. And thus, till I see thee, in hearty prayers for thee, and like commendation to thee, to the Lord of Heaven I leaue thee.

Thine as thou knowest, I.E.

The answer.

GOod Goose eat no more Hay: what a noise hast thou made with keaking at nothing? Thou hast heard thou knowest not what, and talkest thou knowest not how: take a woodcock in a springe, and touch not me with these termes: now for thy mourning let it bee for the losse of thy wit: for I haue no feare of bad-I. wisht. Love (quoth he) you never know what it is, and yet speake so much of it: either you wrong it or your selfe, that you no better vnderstand it: or let me tel you, you are mistaken in it: It is the light of beauty, the blisse of nature, the honor of reason, and the joy of time: the comfort of age, and the life of youth: it is the tongue of truth, stay of wit, and the rule of vnderstanding, it is the bridle of will, and the grace of sense: it makes a man kinde, and a Woman constant, and while Fooles and Apes play at bo-peepe for a Pudding, Louers haue a life they would not leaue for a Mountaine. now for Mars and Venus, they are studyes for Schoole-boyes, and he that feareth Vulcan, let him be whipt for Cupid. To be short, thou art strangely out of tune to write me such a piece of musique: for were I but in the way, shall I turne backe to thy whistle? No, thou knowest not what it is and therefore talke no more of it: for hadst thou but once kindly had a taste of it, thou wouldest dye ere thou wouldest leaue it:

beleeue

beleeue it. I know it: and therefore for the derision of my Mistresse I will take it as a Dreame, and be sorry that awake thou hadst no more wit then to write it: but let all vnkindnesse passe, it may bee I will shortly see thee, and then make thee glad to yeeld to me, that thou art in a foule error to wish mee to leaue my Loue, to liue with thee: but since I know thy kindnesse, I will beare with thy weaknesse, and in the faith of an old friend hearken to thee in another matter: and so wishing thee no more to enuy so much against a matter of so excellent a vertue, I will leaue thee for this time, and rest alwayes.

Thine as his owne R.P.

The Country-mans Letter to his beloued Sweet-heart.

TRuly Sweet-heart, I am so out of order with my selfe with the extremitie of loue that I beare you, that my heart is euen at my mouth to say Sweet-heart, when I think on you: and if I heare but your name it makes mee start, as though I should see you, and when I looke on my Handkerchiffe, that you wrought me, I thanke you, with Couentrie-blew: O how I lift vp my eyes to heauen, and say to my selfe, Oh there is a Wench in the World, well goe too: but when I see my ieat Ring that you sent me by your Brother Will, I doe so kisse it, as if thou wert euen within it, Oh Nell, it is not to be spoken what affection that I beare to thee. Why, I ferrited all night for the Rabbet I sent thee, and haue beene in the Wood all day to seeke a Birds nest for thee: my Mother is making a Cheese-cake and shee hath promised it mee for thee: well, beleiue me I loue thee, and if my high shooes come home on Saturday, Ile see thee on Sunday, and wee will drinke together, that is once, for indeed I doe loue thee. Why my heart is neuer from thee: for ouer and besides that I thinke on thee all day, I so dream on thee all night, that our folkes say in my sleepe I call thee Sweet-heart, and when I am awake and remember my dreame, I sigh and say nothing, but I would I wot what: but it is no matter, it shall be, and that sooner than some think, for though the old Crust my Father, and the old Cramme my Mother

will

will not come out with their crownes, I care not, I am all their sonnes, and therefore I shall haue all the Lands: and hauing a good Farme, we shall make shift for money: and therefore Sweet-heart (for so I well dare call thee) I pray thee bee of good cheere, wash thy face, and put on the Gloues that I gaue thee, for wee are full askt next Sunday, and the Sunday after you know what, for I haue your Fathers good will, and you haue my Mothers: if buckle and thong hold, wee will load our packes together: I would haue sayd somewhat else to you, but it was out of my head, and our Schoolemaster was so busie with his Boyes, that he would scarce write thus much for me but farewell, and remember Sunday.

Thine owne from all the world, T.P.

An answer to her heart of Gold and best beloued.

NOwne Loue, and kind soule, I thanke thee for thy sweet Letter a thousand times, I warrant thee it hath been read and read ouer againe, oftner than I haue fingers and toes: euery night I get vp our man into my chamber, and there by my beds side he sits and reads it to me till, till I am almost a sleepe: but when he reads so often Sweet-heart, and I loue thee: Oh, say I you do lie, and he sweares no: and then I said, I thanke you Tom, no loue lost, for I am no changeling: and when he comes to Meame and awake, and with: I will not tel you what I thinke yet, but one day I will tell you more: in the meane time be content, and trust mee: I haue a band in hand for thee, that shall be done before the time: and let our freinds doe their wils, we will not hang after their humors: so, I am thine, and thou art mine, and that not for a day, but for euer and euer. My Mother hath stolen a whole peck of flower for a Bride-Cake, and our man hath sworne he will steale a braue Rosemary Bush, and I haue spoken for Ale that will make a Cat speake: and the Youths of our Parish haue sworne to bring the blind Fidler: Wel, be of good cheere, on Sunday I will bee at Church, and if there be any dancing, I hope to haue about with you, and till then and the Sunday after, and euery day after that, God be with you. Written by

our Man at my beds ſide at Midnight, when the folkes were all a-ſleepe.

Your true louing in heart, till death us depart, E. S.

An angry Letter by a young Lover in the Country
To his Love M.N.

MArgery, the truth is you doe not vſe mee well: what doe I get by you, to loſe my dayes worke, and ſit at a ſtile blowing my fingers in the colde, in hope to meet you amilking, and you ſend another in your roome, and goe to Market another way? Wel if I be not your ſweet-heart, much good doe you with your choiſe: I hope my Fathers Sonne is worthy of your Mothers Daughter: Your pricking in a clout is not ſo good as a Plough, and for your portion, I can haue your betters, but it is no matter, he is curſt in his Cradle that truſts any of your words: and therefore ſince it is as it is, let it be as it will, I will not put at my heart, that you hang at your heels. Wel, to be ſhort, take it for a warning, for I am angry: if you ſerue me ſo againe, you ſhall ſerue me ſo no more, that is once: and therefore either be as you ſhould, or be as you liſt, for I will not digeſt more than I can, that is the truth: other folkes ſee it as well as I what a foole you make of mee, but it is no matter, I may liue to bee meet with you: but yet, if you will giue ouer your gadding, and be ruled by your friends counſell, I can be content to forget al that is paſt, and to be as good friends as ere we were. And ſo hoping to heare better of you then ſome folkes think of you, meaning to bee at your Towne the nert Market day, if you will meet me at the Roſe, we will haue a Cake and a bottle of Ale, and may hap to be merry ere wee part, and ſo farewell.

Your friend as you uſe me, B. D.

Her

Her anſwer.

BArnaby, you are much to blame to fall out with your ſelfe, for want of better company: If you be angry, turne the Buckle of your Girdle behind you: for I know no body is in love with you: What's here to doe with my Fathers Horſe, and your Mothers Mare? Why, I wonder what you aile? is the Moone in the Eclipſe, that you are ſo out of temper? Now, truth it is pitty a foole cannot have a little wit, but he will ſpend it all in a few words: Alas, the day, it will be night by and by, and if you bee ſo peeuiſh to put Pepper in the Noſe, if you can ſneeze both wayes, you are in no danger of death. Wel, to be plaine, care for your ſelfe if you will, for in truth, I will take no charge of you: for if you will hold on your courſe, you may walke whither you will, and no body looke after you: for my ſelfe, I will forget your Name and proper perſon: I hope there is none ſo mad as to be in love with you. In concluſion come not to me till I ſend for you, nor looke after me till I bid you: I will drinke no Bottle Ale with ſuch a Bottle-noſe, nor deſire to come to Market to meete ſuch a Companion: and ſo glad to have this occaſion to trie your patience the Foreman of Fooles be your Woodcocke Father, and teach you better how to uſe your wit, if you have any. And ſo in as little love as I can ſauing my charity: In hearty good will, I leave you as I found you, and ſo reſt

Your friend as you ſee, M.N.

To her more friendly than beleeved faithfull
M. Tho: Iewell.

A Bitter-ſweet is a bitter Phyſicall Potion: if I be ſo to your thoughts, I hope I ſhall purge your head of ill humors: and then faining Fancy, that would deceive plaine Simplicity, will abuſe neither of us: and if your flattery were not groſſe, in my complexion, I ſhould have no reſpect of your condition: which how farre it is from your protected truth, I leave to the ſecret confeſſion of your little affection: Words follow thoughts at the heeles, and

thoughts keepe the head,not the heart: where the braine is a little troubled,it puts the wit much out of temper: and therefore wishing you to leave honour to the Noble, and Service to the Wealthy, give me leave to like of equality, and so settle my affection in discretion: which hating to disgrace the wel-deserving, cannot but dayly favour the faithfull: Distrust is a kind of jealousie, which if I could loue, I should perhaps be acquainted with, but solitarinesse being a sweet life, why should I seeke my hurt in a worse course? yet am I not born for my selfe, and therefore will harken to reason, and yet no further then to know the worth of a jewel before I pay too deare for the wearing of it: and therefore let this suffice you that no Heauen being in this world, take heed of a Hell of your owne making: and putting away the clouds of idle humors looke into the height of that, that by the direction of Vertue, may bring you to Honour: to which if my helpe may availe, I will say Amen to such prayers, as may be made in a good minde: In which hoping you will labour to rest, I leave you to your best rest, and so rest,

Your friend as farre as I may not be mine owne enemy.

S.P.

A Valedatory Letter to his inconstant Mistris.

I Am sorry that my owne experiment should so evidently prove the verity of that common received opinion, that women generally are subject to inconstancy, such was my confidence in you, and I made such pollicitations to my selfe of your firmnesse, that I would haue beleeued that a man might sooner remove the Rocks out of the Ocean, and the Mountaines out of their station, than me out of your affections: How canst thou for shame cast thine eies vpon me, whose pure and eruberant Loue thou hast rewarded with such fleeting disloyalty, and loue a number: King & Louer, march together in this, they can neither of them brook a competitor or corriual: I will leaue partnership and fraction to Merchants, but where I deuote my intimate

mate loue to any Miſtris, I expect a reciprocall and vndiuided affection. But as you haue deſeruedly alienated your affection, and extinguiſht that loue I thought nothing but death ſhould haue ended, ſo will I juſtly abandon your ſeruice, and here ceaſe to write or loue any more.

And reſt a ſtranger, A.B.

An Amorous Letter to a moſt fair creature.

THough the age be paſt which drew her glorious ſtile from gold, yet neuer was any richer in perfections than this preſent Age wherein you liue; Nature in former times did glory when ſhe had wrought that matchleſſe mould of Helena: ſince, her more ſkilfull hands haue produced your ſelfe, as the Maſter-peece of her moſt abſolute workmanſhip. But would I had as juſt cauſe to commend your kindneſſe, as I haue to write theſe Encomions of your feature, which truly was not borne to liue and die to it ſelfe, but for to bee enjoyed: and the prayſe of euery good thing; and particularly of beautie lies in its communion, and participation vnto others. Oh therefore remoue not your fauour from me your moſt faithfull ſeruant, who can no more ſuſtaine my life in the want of your kindneſſe, than the earth can remaine fruitfull in the Sunnes continuall abſence: weak words are not able to comprehend the immenſity of my Loue, which leauing to the conſideration of your ripe iudgment, in hope of your ſole comfort. To whom the endeauour of my ſelfe, and the conſtancy of my faith are eternally deuoted, I reſt,

In the depth of true affection, R.S.

A Letter gratulatory to a kind Gentlewoman.

Good Miſtriſſe

THis poſting Meſſenger (yet not ſo expeditious as the winged Pegaſus) relinquiſhing in all haſt this our towne of Lincolne, to

transport himselfe in your famous City of London, the Center of Great Brittain. I could not let passe so fit an opportunity to declare vnto you how much the remembrance of your by-past kindnesses, hath bound me to wish you the highest degree of all terrestriall happinesse. But looking at your fauours with a renumerating desire, I finde the number of them so great, and the greatnesse so hard to bee expressed, much more to be recompenced, that like a vanquished man I am faine to yeeld and succumbe vnder the burden of so many arrerages: Onely at this present like an humble Suppliant, I come to beg of you some more time (the mother of opportunity) vntill by the smiles of fortunes, and the diligence of my indefatigable endeavours I be inabled to make requitall: but hoping that thus much may perswade you, that I haue not buried you in the pit of oblivion: I conclude and rest as I am bounden,

Yours ever to be commanded, N.I.

A Loue letter.

THe beauty which nature hath so lauishly imparted vpon you (absolute Pistris) makes her play the bankrupt with most of the world beside: at the discovery whereof, as my eies haue oftentimes stood at gaze, so is my minde altogether captiuated to doe homage to your perfections: and therefore hoping that in your imployments my future merits shall weigh downe this my offence of presumption, I haue taken humble boldnesse to let you vnderstand how ready I am to performe you any seruice that possibility shall inable me vnto, whose loue is the bounds and vtmost end of my ambitious desires, desiring the attainment whereof as the comfortable Haruest of my carefull paines, I rest,

Yours in the infringeable bounds of affection, I. N.

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FINIS.